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To Create a Musical Public.

WHAT we suffer from in musical England is not dearth of composers, music schools, examining colleges, first-rate singers and instrumental players. All these things we have: what we have not is a musical public to appreciate them. It is nearly eighteen months since Mr. August Manns, flying north per express with a representative of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC pointed out that a German town of the same population as Bedford would contain ten times the number of musicians, besides a regular municipal orchestra and opera. Why have we no municipal bands and no regular opera? The reason is not far to seek. We have not a musical public that wants them. When the public wants (say) a new market, or a new town-hall, it elects a town council that will put these wishes into effect. And when, but not before, the public wants a regular town band or town opera, it will elect a council that will bring these things into being.

As things are moving at present, the end of the world seems nearer than the day when the election cry will be, "Vote for Jones and a regular band!" or "Support Smith and the town opera!" Some of my readers, it may be, would prefer the Day of Judgment to such a day. But it may be pointed out that Germany has its municipal or state operas or orchestras, and that no great evil has come of it, but much good. At the same time, I will confess that I don't wish to see opera and orchestra as "planks" in "the progressive platform." What I do want to see is the people of England made as musical as the people of Germany. I want to see a public in London that will support, not one pitiful series of Richter concerts in the summer, and another pitiful series of symphony concerts in the winter, but big enough to fill every hall in London every night in the week, and enjoy the music of the great masters. At present there is no such public. The "upper" classes merely toy with music; the "middle" classes are only a little better; the "lower" classes—or rather, as they are called, "masses"—rejoice only in the lowest type of music-hall songs. Neither the highest nor the lowest are open to any appeal; but the middle class, and especially that portion of the middle class that sends its children to Board Schools, can be got at. And it is with this class that the musical salvation of the country rests. Let us catch the children, teach them music, and encourage them to musically educate themselves, and we shall speedily create an enormous public that will want to hear the masterpieces of music, whether operatic or purely instrumental. It may be said that this is "pampering" the Board children. But I may remind my readers that to teach a child music, if he appears to be deserving, is no more "pampering" than to teach him science,

or drawing, or painting. Of science and art scholarships there are plenty; of musical scholarships there are absolutely none attainable by children who have had small opportunities. Those at the London Academy, the Royal College, the Royal Academy, are eagerly snatched up by the well-to-do. What we want are scholarships attainable by youngsters of the humbler classes. Of these youngsters, probably not one in a thousand will become a professional musician; indeed, we ask professional men for help on the ground that in this work we are enlarging the class—the musical class—that supports them.

But to those who wish to see England a "musical country," we recommend the Scholarship Scheme simply on the ground that a musical public is needed, and that in trying this experiment in London, we are taking the first step to create it. If we succeed, it will be easy for every town in England to follow.

Au Courant.

THE late Dr. Bülow used to say that the highest class of music was that of the three "B's"—Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, with the possible addition of a fourth B, to wit, Bülow himself. The anecdotes of the deceased musician are innumerable. In Berlin, somewhere about 1871, he ironically compared the orchestra of the Royal Opera to that of Renz's circus, and pronounced it shameful and disgraceful. The manager of the circus, incensed at what he considered an affront to his musicians, called Bülow to account in print. Bülow at once wrote a letter of apology to the manager of the circus, humbly begging his pardon for having thoughtlessly compared his excellent orchestra with the very inferior one of the Royal Opera. This occurred when Bülow was occupying the post of Capellmeister to the Emperor, and the scandal caused by the polemic was so great that intimation came to Bülow to send in his resignation, which was promptly accepted.

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BÜLOW cordially detested the bouquet humbug. "I am fond of beefsteak," he said, "and would accept an honorarium of that kind much quicker than flowers." Bülow, as everybody knows, married Liszt's daughter, Cosima, and then calmly allowed her to marry Wagner, whose friend and admirer he nevertheless continued to be. His second marriage a few years ago to a German actress was said to be a happy one. The *Musical Courier* doubts, in Bülow's case, the efficacy of the posthumous petition, "May he rest in peace." And no doubt Bülow is a man who will make his mark in an after life: his *ego* is indestructible.

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THE older critics seem to have been, on the

whole, more kindly disposed to the musical prodigy than are the critics of to-day. When Joachim, as a boy of twelve, played at a Philharmonic Concert, Chorley did not advise him to go back to school. Here is what the celebrated critic wrote: "Very few performers have come before us so satisfactory, and for the future so brightly promising, as this boy, who seems, too, to possess a strong frame and a disposition so modest, as well as cheerful, that the perils of praise are less formidable than usual." Joachim has now attained his English jubilee, having made his first appearance amongst us at Drury Lane Theatre on March 28, 1844.

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THE dates of the Birmingham Musical Festival have been fixed for October 2, 3, 4, and 5. The most important of the new works will be an oratorio, *King Saul*, by Dr. Hubert Parry. Let us hope there will be no javelin-throwing on the occasion of its performance! Another new work will be a cantata, *The Swan and the Skylark*, found among the late Mr. Goring Thomas' papers, complete in piano score, and since orchestrated by Professor Stanford. A third new work is a *Stabat Mater*, by Mr. Henschel. Dr. Richter and Mr. Stockley have again accepted the posts of conductor and chorus-master, respectively, and the latter will conduct the performance of the *Messiah*, as in 1891.

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Is Paderewski to have a rival? According to the *Times* Paris correspondent he is. The gentleman's name is M. Edouard Zeldeurst, and in Paris he has attained a position of eminence in a very short time. Three months ago this Dutch pianist was quite unknown in the French capital. Now he is distinguished, and the Parisians couple his name with that of Paderewski. This fact seems at least worth recording, since Paris is always so conservative in musical matters.

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IT is announced that Signor Tosti, one of the Royal music masters, has joined the staff of the Royal Academy of Music as a professor of singing. The Signor first came to London in 1875. He did not mean to stay, but having been introduced to the late Duchess of Cambridge, he had to sing to her almost every day up to the date of her death, and so came to take up his residence amongst us. At Signor Tosti's house in Finchley Road, the visitor finds a good many surprises. There is a fox terror that has actually—so it is said—been taught to sing in tune; and there are "most graceful chairs, divans, and sofas," all made by the Signor himself, with a dexterity which not even a professional upholsterer could surpass. Signor Tosti's most popular song is, "For Ever and for Ever," over a million copies of which have been sold.

* * *

IT appears that the Sunday evening entertainments, recently so popular in London, are beginning to pall upon those for whom they

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were intended. Out of five clubs which used to give orchestral or other concerts on Sunday nights in the West End, only one, it is said, remains. The chief difficulty in the organising and development of Sunday concerts lies no doubt in the fact that the vast majority of Londoners live in the suburbs and prefer their family circle and their home to a journey to town on Sunday evenings. And quite right they are!

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AT the last performance of the *Messiah*, by the Albert Hall Choral Society, some amusement was created by the tickets having given the composer's name as "Handal." Of course this was merely a freak of the printer's, but it serves to recall the fact that Handel's name was in his own day spelt in such a variety of ways as to do great honour to the orthography of the seventeenth century. Such forms as Händel, Hendall, Handell, Handle, and even Hendtler were common. The composer himself used three different spellings at different periods of his life—Händel, Hendel, and Handel. In this connection one regrets to note that the house in which the great master was born at Halle is to be pulled down. The building had been for sale for some time, but no purchaser appeared.

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JOSEF HOFMANN, formerly "little" Josef Hofmann, the boy prodigy, but now a young pianist of seventeen, and Rubinstein's favourite pupil, has been in retirement for nearly six years, but is about to make his *rentrée* in London. Mr. Vert has engaged him for several London recitals in May and June, and afterwards he will no doubt appear in the provinces.

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ACCORDING to the *Musical Courier*, the Court Opera, Vienna, has a corps of 153 singers and 122 dancers. Of the singers 22 are entitled to the prefix "Mrs.," while all the dancing girls are "Miss"—a fact which can hardly be explained by dislike of the short-skirted sisterhood on the part of the male sex. The orchestra comprises 110 men, including twenty-two performers on the stage; it is under four Capellmeisters, with twenty-three assistants; supers, scene shifters, etc., etc., number 289, including a shoemaker, a washing-woman, an ironer, a scouring woman and a "mistress of the chimney sweeps." Altogether the personnel reaches the figure of 732. Since the erection of the new house 183 operas and fifty-six ballets have been produced. *Abu Hassan*, which plays for sixty minutes, is the shortest work. The longest is *Die Meistersinger*, which takes three hours fifty-two minutes.

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MR. HILL, the well known dealer in fiddles, tells a good story of one of his famous instruments. He had sold an Amati for several hundred pounds, and the instrument was to be sent to the purchaser's house near Sydenham. About ten o'clock at night the message boy who had been dispatched with the precious fiddle turned up at Mr. Hill's residence in great consternation. There had been a slight accident on the line and in his fright the boy had got out of the carriage forgetting the parcel. Of course the loss was reported to the railway officials, but for several days Mr. Hill heard nothing. Then came the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—I found a fiddle of yours which that boy, careless yung beggar, left behind when the train went on again. I cant play more cant my missus. If you send a quid to address you can have the fiddle and welcom. Yours obejently —"

Needless to say the "quid" was paid. The

man had broken off the lock of the case, and had evidently been trying to give the neighbours a tune.

* * *

ONE of my American contemporaries sends valentines to prominent musicians, in the form of quotations from the great authors. How the message is to reach Liszt we are not told; and in any case surely the appropriateness is doubtful of Izaak Walton's—"Lord! what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth!" Or is this to be taken as a delicate piece of sarcasm? Some people have been unkind enough to say that most of Liszt's music is fit only for lost souls!

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Apropos of our February article on "Money and Music," the *British Musician* complains that while the fees of the singer, and the solo player, and the composer are steadily advancing, no rise comes to the poor instrumentalist who plays in the crowd. His fee was in the beginning, is now, and apparently ever will be one guinea—or less. To remedy this state of affairs my contemporary suggests the formation of a "Managers' Union," which would stand out against the present exorbitant fees demanded by leading artists.

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AN American newspaper recently published the following in its "Wants" columns. "Wanted—Engagement—to escape the downright horrors of a boy choir (musically, mentally, and morally). A competent organist of long experience desires to negotiate with some church in Brooklyn—Address, etc." Evidently the American choir boy is not the angelic being he is supposed by the ladies to be at home. Let us hope this wag will secure what he wants, for he surely deserves it.

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THE exhibit of Messrs. Besson, the noted band instrument makers, at the World's Fair, was a source of much attraction to—and indeed was the favourite resort of—the instrumentalists of the many bands engaged at the big show. The novel "Legato" mouthpieces much tickled the Americans, who bought them up like penny rolls; while that new and most important invention, the pedal clarinet, was an object of considerable attraction. For the study of this instrument special classes have been formed at the Brussels Conservatoire and elsewhere.

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Apropos of some reminiscences of Gounod, a musician, who was well acquainted with her, gives us his opinion of the notorious Georgina Weldon, whose connection with the French composer proved so disastrous. A "thorough musician, a vocal genius, an accomplished linguist, and a ready writer"—such is the gentleman's idea of Georgina. Mrs. Weldon, we further learn, had an iron determination, and was always working with one end in view. This end was her Orphanage, and to make that a success she would use, or, if necessary, actually sacrifice her best and dearest friends. Gounod, it may be remembered, composed one or two trifles expressly for the benefit of the said Orphanage.

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OUR great string players seem to be gradually possessing themselves of instruments by the old Italian makers, and the prices being paid show that one class of musicians, at any rate, are labouring successfully for the meat that perisheth. We learn that Master Jean Gerardy, the youthful cellist, has just become the possessor of a superb

Guarnerius cello, said to be worth forty thousand francs. A few violins made by Guarnerius have realized as much as £400 to £700 each. Dr. Phipson tells us that the usual price charged by Stradivarius for a violin was about £4 English money. Nowadays an uninjured instrument of this maker will fetch in the auction room from £200 to £800, according to quality and preservation, and if the instrument should have a "pedigree," the price would certainly run into four figures. Dr. Mackenzie remarked the other day that the composer cannot live until he dies. Evidently the paradox applies in other directions.

THE almost tragic death of Madame Patey at Sheffield was in some respects singularly like the last hours of the famous Malibran. Madame Malibran was in Manchester for the Festival of 1836. She was singing in a duet, and was received with immense enthusiasm. While the concert room yet rang with applause, she was fainting in the arms of her friends; and a few minutes later she was conveyed to her hotel, where she died some days afterwards of nervous fever.

* * *

AND, by the way, speaking of Malibran, I may as well note here the publication by Mr. E. Heron Allen of an interesting series of letters from the correspondence of the celebrated vocalist's second husband, Charles de Bériot. The letters—there are six of them in all—throw much light on the lives of both parties concerned, and clear up a few hitherto doubtful points about their biographies. Incidentally we learn that the late Sir Julius Benedict's first wife was a Neapolitan lady, who died at Naples in 1851, a few months after his son had been killed by the fall of a chimney on a Sâone steam-boat.

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THE composer of "See-Saw" is dead. Mr. Gwyllim Crowe, who was originally in one of the army bands, for many years conducted the London Promenade Concerts. He was not a great conductor, but he was a very popular musician, and his vocal waltzes and other pieces are frequently played. The death of Mr. Aynsley Cook, the well-known operatic artist, should have been recorded last month. Mr. Cook, who was sixty years of age, was a Newcastle man, and had been on the operatic stage from boyhood. At the funeral at Liverpool a most discreditable, and I should think an unprecedented scene was witnessed. There was a concourse of three or four thousand "spectators," and as the mourners moved away, a raid was made on the wreaths and other floral emblems, which were torn to pieces. Mdlle. de Lussan's beautiful harp was stripped of its rare flowers and left bare, and the same fate befel other emblems. Liverpool must feel heartily ashamed of such vandalism.

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THE St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts will be given next season under the management of Mr. William Boosey. Mr. Boosey has already made exclusive engagements for the season with Mdlle. Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Ben Davies, and the Meister Glee Singers. Engagements have also been made with the following artistes:—Mrs. Mary Davies; Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli; Mdlle. Alice Gomez; Mr. Santley; Signor Foli.

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THAT is a capital story told of a singing club in the Bavarian Oberland. The club lately resolved to present its leader with a loving cup. There was no Tiffany in the village; moreover, the club was not rolling in wealth; so when it

heard that a farmer had a silver cup for sale, cheap, it was purchased at once. A great feast was then given, speeches made, songs sung, the cup duly filled and emptied. The recipient bore the trophy proudly home. But, alas! when the lady of the house came to inspect the cup, she found inscribed on it the legend, "Second prize for cows." The conjugal curtains fell on a symphony in tears and maledictions.

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IT is reported that Verdi has completed his new opera, which will be entitled *Giulietta e Romeo*, and that it is intended to give the first performance of the work in Milan on St. Stephen's Day, December 26. It is also said that Signor Boito has handed a new libretto to the enterprising old maestro, who will begin work on it immediately.

Musical Life in London.

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AT last musical London is waking out of its winter's hibernation. The pile of programmes I have now to deal with is much more encouraging than the famine of last month; and at the same time there are not enough to crush one, as will presently happen as May draws near. The influx of foreigners, genuine and humbug, has not yet commenced; and most of the concerts that have occurred since my last notice are more or less satisfactory to look back upon.

THE POPS.

Saturday and Monday each brings its accustomed Popular Concert. Too late for mention in last month's issue was that at which Miss Eibenschütz brought forward a suite for piano by Moszkowsky, and Mr. Joachim played two pieces of his own making. Besides these, a trio by Brahms, for piano, violin and horn, was given in somewhat extraordinary fashion; the quartette was Schumann's in A, Op. 41, (No. 3), and Miss Gwendolyn Woods sang Handel's "If guiltless blood," Schubert's "An die Musik," and a ridiculous song entitled "Queen and Huntress," by a German gentleman who some years ago wrote a life of Handel, in which he remarked (*apropos* of the composer's naturalisation) that in a certain year Handel became one of us. The suite by Moszkowsky was the sort of thing we are becoming accustomed to—a dainty imitation of the harpsichord writers. It was neatly, not to say flippantly played by Miss Eibenschütz, a young lady who has a future—if only she will be courageous enough to avoid the drawing-room. Mr. Joachim's pieces were—to be frank—in tolerably tiresome. Why will these virtuosos think they can compose? I know a most excellent butcher, but he never dreams of asking for public support as a baker; and Joachim and others suffering in the same way as himself, might with advantage consider the case of this humble person. Miss Woods' singing was exceedingly pretty. The Brahms trio was written for piano, violin, and horn. The horn-player was, I presume, suddenly taken ill, as his part was played—absurd though it may seem—on the 'cello by Mr. Piatti. The result was disastrous.

Quintet in C major, Op. 163, for two Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos ... Schubert.
Romance, "Retrospection" (The Wedding of Camacho)... Mendelssohn.
Presto, Pastorale, and Presto, for Piano-forte alone ... Scarlatti.

Prelude, Loure, Minuetto, and Gavotte in E major, for Violin alone Bach.
Songs { "Mondnacht" ... Schumann.
"Hark, hark, the lark" ... Schubert.
Trio in B flat, Op. 21, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello ... Dvorak.
(First time at these Concerts.)

This was the programme on March 5. The quintet were Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Gibson, Becker, and Piatti, and they gave Schubert's delightful work an appropriate rendering. Joachim was painfully out of tune in one part, but it was soon over, and his intonation was fairly just for the remainder of the evening. By the way, the analytical programme (written, I suppose, last generation by some devout Mendelssohn worshipper) has it that Mendelssohn "created a general desire" to hear Schubert's music. Is it not a fact that Schumann unearthed the instrumental compositions of Schubert, and persuaded Mendelssohn to have them performed? Miss Dale's singing was pleasing, and as her appearance is pleasing also, she will probably become a "popular favourite." Joachim was at his best in the fragment of a Bach violin sonata, but the same cannot be said of Miss Zimmermann's rendering of Scarlatti's music, which was colourless and cold.

On March 12 Joachim played Tartini's Devil's Trill sonata; Mr. Schönberger gave Chopin's Ballad in F so effectively that an encore was demanded and (thank goodness!) declined; he also shared with Mr. Piatti in some pieces for piano and 'cello by Schumann; Brahms' sextet for strings (Op. 18) was given, and Miss Schidrowitz and Miss Zagury sang duets.

The final concert of the series will be noticed at the end of this article.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The sixth of the season was too late for mention in our last number. The date was February 22, the programme:—

Prelude to Act III. of *The Mastersingers* Wagner.
Concerto in E flat, for Pianoforte ... Beethoven.
Miss Ilona Eibenschütz.
Symphony No. 4, in D minor ... Schumann.
Rhapsody for Contralto, Male Chorus,
and Orchestra Brahms.
Miss Marie Brema and the Male Chorus
of Mr. Henschel's Choir.

Overture to *Tannhäuser* Wagner.

We know that Miss Eibenschütz can play, that her technique is fairly complete, and therefore it is a matter for regret that in the Beethoven concerts she should have so bent her energies to demonstrating the fact to us again and again. The wonderful slow movement is not piano music; the piano plays a subordinate part, a part of much less importance than the flute or violins; and when Miss Eibenschütz brought her instrument ostentatiously into notice, the result was offensive. In some parts of the work she played so well, and I have heard her play so artistically at the pops, that I can only hope that in future she will not allow the virtuoso, the gymnast, to override the artist.

The Brahms rhapsody is a genuinely beautiful work, and as given by Miss Brema and Mr. Henschel's choir (male voices), it made an undoubted effect. The same cannot be said of Schumann's noisy, tedious, and meaningless symphony. Mr. Henschel did his best with it, but—! One is never so convinced that Schumann was a piano writer as after hearing one of his orchestral works. Not only are the instruments ineffectively handled, but the whole structure of the music suggests the keyboard rather than that mightier instrument—the orchestra. The first item was poetically given, but fire was lacking in the last.

On March 7 the programme included the prelude to *Lohengrin*, a song from *Der Freischütz* (sung by Mrs. Henschel), and Beethoven's 5th Symphony, a concerto by Moszkowsky (played by Mr. Sauret), Mr. Henschel's own "Spring," and the *Leonore* overture, No. 3. The *Lohengrin* prelude was deliciously given, and on the whole the reading of the Beethoven symphony was satisfactory. Of course, neither the first nor the last movement were given aught approaching the necessary breadth, nor was the slow movement lyric, and the brass blared and snorted painfully throughout. But the movement which stands instead of the Scherzo was beautifully played, and there was nothing to complain of in the other movements, save the defects I have mentioned. As for Mr. Henschel's song, the less said about it the better; and I advise Mr. Henschel to keep it in the background henceforth, for one can scarce believe that the man who wrote it has the slightest musical instinct. Mrs. Henschel's singing in the cavatina from *Der Freischütz* was delightful, and she did her best in her husband's thankless music. Moszkowski's music is easy and showy, like most of the music played by Mr. Sauret. The rendering was not ineffective, and was only marred by the apparent efforts of the player to make the task seem a difficult one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Algernon Ashton gave a chamber concert, entirely of his own compositions, in Princes' Hall, on March 7. To him the task must have been a somewhat heavy one, and I will own that to me it was the same. Mr. Ashton's music is always pleasing, melodic and vocal; but one can have too much of even a good thing. Moreover, his most grateful music is that for the voice, and Miss Marjorie Eaton, who sang all the songs except one, was quite unfit for the work. The only song that got an adequate rendering was "Der Reiter und der Boden-See," a ballad, and Mr. Ashton's Op. 1. Its originality (after Schubert's "Erl-king") is not startling; but as sung by Mr. William Paull the song was highly effective. Next to that (in point of effectiveness) were the "Four lively pieces," for 'cello and piano, daintily played by Messrs. Squire and Ashton.

On March 3, Gounod's *Faust* was sung at Queen's Hall as a cantata. The vocalists were Miss Trebelli, Miss Rosa Green, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Brockbank, Barlow, and Santley. The chorus and orchestra were directed by Mr. G. H. Betjemann. It would be too much to say the performance was a success. The tone and attack of the chorus were extremely poor; the band was very much out of control at times; and owing to the vagaries of the organist a collapse was narrowly averted in the cathedral scene. The chief honours of the afternoon were carried off by Mr. Brockbank, who sang Valentine's music rather finely. Mr. Edward Lloyd made a good concert-Faust, but poor Mr. Santley is not nearly sulphurous enough for Mephistopheles; and Miss Trebelli's voice is too weak, except on a few notes, for her to make a success of the difficult part of Marguerite. Perhaps one may ask why these operas are done on the stage at all. A pretty row there would be if it were proposed to act *Elijah* or *St. Paul*!

On Tuesday, February 20th, Mrs. Clara Asher gave a piano recital in Princes' Hall, her programme including pieces of all sorts and schools—from Bach to Liszt and St. Saëns.

Miss Eibenschütz's besetting sin has already been referred to, and I need only mention that it was rather less conspicuous at her recital in St. James's Hall on March 7. She began with Schubert's sonata in D, (Op. 53), in which she

was at her worst ; proceeded to Brahms's Op. 118 and 119 (the entire set), in which she was at her best ; and then played Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques and pieces by Scarlatti, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Grieg, and Liszt.

The Westminster Orchestral Society gave a most interesting concert on March 7th, under the conductorship of Mr. S. Macpherson. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé played the Kreutzer Sonata, and the former conducted while the latter played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. Gade's Symphony in F, and Sullivan's Imperial March, were effectively given by the orchestra.

DR. JOACHIM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ON March 10 the Saturday Concert was enriched by the presence and performance of the great violinist whose musical jubilee is one of the events of the year. His personality, as all lovers of classical music know, is dignified and earnest, and never alters. He never courts the public in any way, but is always absorbed in his music, and glad that his audience is appreciative. It is the true artist's spirit, and would that it were universal. Mr. Manns paid Dr. Joachim the graceful compliment of opening the concert with the violinist's overture, "composed in memory of Heinrich von Kleist, the poet," first performed on March 8th, 1877, after the degree of Doctor of Music had been conferred on Herr Joachim ; and last performed at the Palace on March 18th, 1882.

Dr. Joachim's solos were : Brahms' Concerto, Op. 77, which contains a long and brilliant *cadenza*, constructed, as the programme informs us, by the player himself—"an elaborate display of difficulty and technique"; and Beethoven's Romance in F for violin and orchestra, at the close of which, after two recalls, he gave us a piece (whose composer and title I forget, though familiar with the music) and retired amid the heartiest plaudits. The vocalist of the afternoon was a Miss Florence Monteith, who spoilt Gounod's beautiful cantilène, "Nuit resplendissante," by an incessant vibrato—not a single steady note could be heard. It is distressing to hear a young voice ruined by this frightful habit, which destroys music, and degrades it to bizarre sound, incomprehensible to the mind and unpleasant to the ear. The last and longest work was Raff's "Lenore" Symphony, in three parts—"Love and Happiness," depicted in a cheerful *allegro*, and a *dulcet andante quasi larghetto*; "Farewell," in *tempo di Marcia*; and "Reunion in Death," in an *allegro* full of anguish and agitation, with the ceaseless tramp of a "spectre horse," heard almost all through it; ending "in a grand harmonious burst of the whole orchestra, as if celebrating the release of Lenore, and her passage to everlasting rest."

A POSTSCRIPT.

There is just time to add at the moment of going to press that the last Pop. was given to-night (March 20). After a posthumous quintet of Mendelssohn's, Mr. David Bispham aroused the intensest enthusiasm by his singing of songs by Schumann and Brahms. That began it. The remainder of the evening was recalls and encores, for Clapham and Brixton were there in all their vulgarity. Miss Zimmerman and Mr. Leonard Borwick, to their everlasting shame, played a miserable desecration by Saint-Saëns, of the trio from Beethoven's E flat piano sonata. Then Mr. Piatti played an Italianate piece of music ; Mr. Joachim and Miss Davies played a duet ; Mr. Bispham sang gloriously in Wagner's setting of "The Two Grenadiers," and then—it was time to go to press, and I left.

Miss Clara Butt.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

"WE have been trying to catch one another several times," said Miss Butt, looking down into my face from her height of six feet two inches.

"Yes, your Orpheus may charm, but I cannot charm away the printer's imps that dance attendance on me ; and then your engagements have been so many. When are we to hear you in opera again ?"

"That is a question many people are asking me," said Miss Butt, smiling. "'With your voice and dramatic power,' they say, 'you ought to sing in opera.' But I think the concert platform offers at the present time a career for a contralto, and the theatre is not quite what I like, and then (laughing) they always give contraltos such unpleasant parts, one is either a witch, a murderer, a page, or a mother-in-law. The de Reszkes wanted me to tour in America with them, and take the part of Fides in *Le Prophète*, but what other opera has a part like Fides for a contralto ? One cannot always be singing *Le Prophète*. Then the stage is harder work than the concert platform, and I am not yet ready for it for the present ; therefore I shall not sing in opera but in the future—"

Miss Butt paused, from which I gathered the last word had yet to be said on this subject.

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was at her worst ; proceeded to Brahms's Op. 118 and 119 (the entire set), in which she was at her best ; and then played Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques and pieces by Scarlatti, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Grieg, and Liszt.

The Westminster Orchestral Society gave a most interesting concert on March 7th, under the conductorship of Mr. S. Macpherson. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé played the Kreutzer Sonata, and the former conducted while the latter played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. Gade's Symphony in F, and Sullivan's Imperial March, were effectively given by the orchestra.

DR. JOACHIM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ON March 10 the Saturday Concert was enriched by the presence and performance of the great violinist whose musical jubilee is one of the events of the year. His personality, as all lovers of classical music know, is dignified and earnest, and never alters. He never courts the public in any way, but is always absorbed in his music, and glad that his audience is appreciative. It is the true artist's spirit, and would that it were universal. Mr. Manns paid Dr. Joachim the graceful compliment of opening the concert with the violinist's overture, "composed in memory of Heinrich von Kleist, the poet," first performed on March 8th, 1877, after the degree of Doctor of Music had been conferred on Herr Joachim ; and last performed at the Palace on March 18th, 1882.

Dr. Joachim's solos were : Brahms' Concerto, Op. 77, which contains a long and brilliant *cadenza*, constructed, as the programme informs us, by the player himself—"an elaborate display of difficulty and technique"; and Beethoven's Romance in F for violin and orchestra, at the close of which, after two recalls, he gave us a piece (whose composer and title I forget, though familiar with the music) and retired amid the heartiest plaudits. The vocalist of the afternoon was a Miss Florence Monteith, who spoilt Gounod's beautiful cantilène, "Nuit resplendissante," by an incessant vibrato—not a single steady note could be heard. It is distressing to hear a young voice ruined by this frightful habit, which destroys music, and degrades it to bizarre sound, incomprehensible to the mind and unpleasant to the ear. The last and longest work was Raff's "Lenore" Symphony, in three parts—"Love and Happiness," depicted in a cheerful *allegro*, and a dulcet *andante quasi larghetto*; "Farewell," in *tempo di Marcia*; and "Reunion in Death," in an *allegro* full of anguish and agitation, with the ceaseless tramp of a "spectre horse," heard almost all through it; ending in a grand harmonious burst of the whole orchestra, as if celebrating the release of Lenore, and her passage to everlasting rest."

A POSTSCRIPT.

There is just time to add at the moment of going to press that the last Pop. was given to-night (March 20). After a posthumous quintet of Mendelssohn's, Mr. David Bispham aroused the intensest enthusiasm by his singing of songs by Schumann and Brahms. That began it. The remainder of the evening was recalls and encores, for Clapham and Brixton were there in all their vulgarity. Miss Zimmermann and Mr. Leonard Borwick, to their everlasting shame, played a miserable desecration by Saint-Saëns, of the trio from Beethoven's E flat piano sonata. Then Mr. Piatti played an Italianate piece of music ; Mr. Joachim and Miss Davies played a duet ; Mr. Bispham sang gloriously in Wagner's setting of "The Two Grenadiers," and then—it was time to go to press, and I left.

Miss Clara Butt.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

WE have been trying to catch one another several times," said Miss Butt, looking down into my face from her height of six feet two inches.

"Yes, your Orpheus may charm, but I cannot charm away the printer's imps that dance attendance on me ; and then your engagements have been so many. When are we to hear you in opera again ?"

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Literature of Music

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THE old Italian school of singing finds another advocate in Mr. Thomas Kelly, S.J., who publishes with Messrs. Burns & Oates an interesting pamphlet on "The First Principles of Voice Production in Song and Speech." For the consolation and encouragement of those who have been told by kind friends that they have not got two notes in their head, or that their voice sounds like a concrake, Mr. Kelly emphatically declares that unless the vocal organs were crippled at birth (alas! they are generally pretty strong about that interesting period), or have been impaired since, every one has a voice. In proof of this we have cited the case of a gentleman "who had often been told that he had not even the proverbial two notes," discovering a range of two octaves of serviceable notes in a lesson of twenty minutes' duration! The gentlemen, however, according to Mr. Kelly, seem to be more fortunate in the way of acquiring vocal power than the ladies. You can, for example, get a man to breathe correctly after a few minutes' instruction; but you will have some difficulty with the diaphragm in the other sex, "owing to the foolish fashion of squeezing the waist with tight corsets." Of course it will be easy for the professor to order the removal of these diaphragm disturbers—and, indeed, some masters refuse altogether to instruct a singer who is clad in corsets. But these are not things for the ordinary male person to discuss. Mr. Kelly dedicates his essay to Mr. Charles Lunn, of Birmingham, "to whose devoted efforts the great truths of vocal science owe so much." What do Mr. Lunn's opponents say to this concentrated compliment?

Mr. W. H. Webbe's "Pianoforte - Playing Jottings" (Weekes), contains a perfect wealth of suggestive and valuable matter to the piano student, and, indeed, to musicians in general. The author's desire has evidently been to call attention in a concise manner to many points of importance connected with piano playing which are usually dealt with in a very cursory manner in the ordinary tutors. Touch, tone, rhythm, phrasing, expression, part-playing, accompanying, sight-reading, rules for practising—these are some of Mr. Webbe's subjects, in addition to numerous hints which will facilitate the work of young students and inexperienced teachers. One section of the book of much interest to the reviewer is that devoted to musical periodicals. Mr. Webbe tries to put all our characters into the proverbial nutshell. This is entertaining: "Musical News.—A grim watchdog, always on the look out for consecutive fifths and bogus institutions. When it finds anything objectionable to its own clique, the whole editorial staff goes on the war-path in search of scalps." The *Musical Times* receives the compliment of being "a highly respectable journal," but Mr. Webbe is not satisfied with the editor's attempt at humour. "Edited," he says, "by a good man who is capable of everything but being funny, his attempts in that direction generally ending in ghastly failures." Up till now we were not aware that Mr. Jacques had even tried to be funny; but one lives to learn. As to the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC—well, Mr. Webbe has no mercy on our modesty. We are, it is quite true, "one of the most readable and attractive musical journals published in London,"—or elsewhere, for that matter—and it is also true that our readers "may always be sure of finding in our pages abundance of material of an entertaining and instructive character." Still, Mr. Webbe might have spared our blushes.

A comfortably stout volume, of nearly three hundred pages, on the *Elements of Music, Harmony, and Musical Form*, by M. I. Richardson, who dates from St. Andrews, comes to us with some prefatory words of commendation by Mr. George Riseley, the well-known Bristol musician. The book is avowedly one for the use of students preparing for examinations, and in that respect it seems eminently adapted to answer the aim of the author. The first part deals with the elements of music, wisely taking it for granted that the student is without previous knowledge of the subject. The second part is given up to all that is generally placed under the head of "Harmony"; while the third part contains short explanations of the various musical forms, both vocal and instrumental. The musical illustrations from the great composers are of much interest, and are generally well chosen; while the questions and exercises at the end of each chapter afford an excellent means of testing and practically applying the instructions given by the author. The book is well printed and bound, and it has only to become known to be widely used and appreciated. The publishers are Messrs. Rivington.

An addition is made by Dr. J. H. Lewis to the already considerable number of works on Counterpoint (Novello). There is no doubt that the study of this somewhat reviled branch of musical theory is most beneficial, exercising the powers, as Dr. Bridge remarks, in many directions not altogether covered by the study of harmony, particularly in the important matter of part-writing. Dr. Lewis' little handbook differs from most other works of the kind by being cast in catechetical form. The expediency of this method is at least doubtful; but there is no fault to be found with the matter of the book, which we cordially recommend as an introduction to the larger treatises on the subject.

The true accompanist, like the poet, is born, not made; but there is some force in the remark of Miss Annie Glen that this might be advanced as a reason for dignifying the office, rather than as a plea for putting its claim out of court. Miss Glen is at any rate bold enough to make the attempt to create an ideal accompanist, and it may be readily admitted that if this can be done at all, her very complete and altogether admirable work on *How to Accompany* (Cocks), will go a long way towards the desired result. Considering the indispensable nature of accompaniment, and the general desire shown to make musical training efficient at all points, it is certainly curious that skill in this department should be left so entirely to chance. Briefly stated, the difficulty, as Miss Glen puts it, seems to be this: Connoisseurs, knowing how many musicianly qualities go to the making of a good accompanist, are disposed to doubt the possibility of achieving a like result by practice, and ignorant persons imagine it can be done without practice at all; so that between those who think too highly of it and those who do not think highly enough, accompaniment as a branch of musical study is in an evil case. Miss Glen sets herself about correcting both these notions by considering accompaniment as an art to be acquired—not as a distinct gift; and she shows how a student, by making use of available material, and being prepared at all points, will be more competent for his task than one who trusts to "knack" or natural aptitude alone. If students can be induced to give to accompaniment the best they possess of time, talent, and attention, the purpose of Miss Glen's little book will assuredly be secured.

The Church Choir Guild is a comparatively new brotherhood of church musicians. It was

founded in 1888, and, according to the current *Calendar*, which we have just received, it appears to be flourishing. It is about as difficult to review a work of this kind as it would be to review Bradshaw. But one is glad to note that choir-boys are advised by the Guild to keep their surplices "clean and pure," because "they are the robes the angels wear." Let us hope that now, with a Guild to so instruct him, the choir-boy will become a little more angelic than most organists find him to be.

Professional musicians are not likely in their own interests to forget their teaching engagements. For all that, it is convenient to have in regular form an engagement diary, such as Messrs. Rudall, Carte & Co., have long given us in their well-known *Professional Pocket Book*. The little manual is printed according to the plan of the late Sir Julius Benedict. Sir Julius, it appears, expected teachers to start at 8 o'clock in the morning and leave off at the same hour in the evening. The latter hour would give some chance of sleep to the poor reviewer; but, alas! it has only too often to be exceeded.

To Writers of Music, and others.

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OUR readers will readily believe that we receive large quantities of articles, stories, songs, piano and violin pieces, etc., which the various writers desire us to publish. Every article is carefully examined, and either accepted or sent back. Keen as we are to discover good stuff (whether by known or unknown writers), it is in the nature of things that more are sent back than accepted. We may fairly boast that no other musical periodical, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, compares with the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC for catholicity of taste, and that no other allows so much space for articles of general interest. This is natural; for we have no clique to serve, no particular firm's publications to advertise, no special college or examining body to recommend. But even we cannot print more than our twenty-four close-set pages will hold, and therefore a good deal of valuable writing has to be rejected. But a more frequent cause of rejection is that, while the matter of the articles is good, the manner is unsatisfactory. We would often recommend the contributors of such articles to submit their MS. to other magazines, did we not know that the crudities of expression would certainly result in their non-acceptance. Now, we believe that many of our readers are in the plight of the writers of the articles referred to; they have notions, but, for want of the skill that comes of practice, cannot express themselves clearly. In fact, we may say we know this is the case; for not infrequently we have articles, stories, and sketches submitted to us, not for publication, but merely that we may give advice.

What has been said of articles and stories applies equally to musical composition. We are deluged with things which, carefully revised, might be worth publishing. Sometimes we tell our readers so, and they go to the nearest music-teacher, or send to some firm that undertakes revision, and then send their compositions back to us in a more hopeless mess than ever.

We have therefore determined to institute a revision department of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. There will be a fixed scale of charges similar to that of revision firms. On receiving MS. (either musical or literary), the sender will be advised of the cost of revising it. All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and the envelope marked REVISION DEPARTMENT.

The Experiences of a Musical Critic.

CHAPTER I.

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE musical critic is somewhat of a terror to young and to some old singers, players and composers ; and these may be somewhat consoled to read the confessions of one of their enemies, and thus learn that the lot of at least one musical critic was not happy.

Born at the usual age, I spent a happy childhood in a country-village, and an unhappy boyhood at a school in the nearest town. Here I was badly used by the other boys, though that was not so bad as the fact that I was expected, nay, made to work at arithmetic, algebra, Euclid, grammar, Latin, and a dozen other more or less useless studies. I was glad to leave and enter the office of our local paper. My duties at first were simple, being confined to writing the editor's letters and minding the office. Afterwards I was put on to report political and religious meetings, to describe any fire or accident that occurred, and lastly, to do the theatres and concerts. Of concerts we had three or four in a year. One of them was my making and my ruin.

Madame Slapfaski was our teacher of singing and dancing. Once a year she gave a concert, which was terminated by a ball in which artists and audience took part. I received my ticket, and went to notice that concert. The paper with which I was connected was a weekly ; in the three days that elapsed before we went to press I had plenty of time to elaborate my report. I have a cutting of it now lying before me. This is it :—

GRAND (?) CONCERT.

"Most of our readers know Madame Slapfaski. If they do not, they may be advised to go into the High Street any afternoon : she is sure to be walking there, and is as little capable of being overlooked as a wagon of hay—which, indeed, in one respect she resembles, though it were indecent to mention what that respect is. But if the lady herself is bulky, that is a merit that does not extend to her voice. It is the feeblest organ we ever heard—quite a mouth-organ, but only in its remarkable quality of tone. She sang 'Batti, Batti' last Tuesday night in a way that sent a cold shiver down our spine, and we have since been very unwell indeed. When Madame Slapfaski took that high note at the finish, it did not surprise us to observe one of the windows of the hall suddenly crack. Our own head was very near cracking point. And if it is true that the window was cracked by a stone thrown from the hands of a choir-boy, that is not a matter of surprise either. Any one, we say, within range of that awful noise must have felt compelled to throw something, and we believe the choir-boy did it because he could not help it, and not, as Madame S. suggests, because he was told by the organist of the parish church. We should be delighted to hear Madame Slapfaski at a concert for her own benefit should she ever be killed in a railway accident, but not unless."

This kind of thing ran on for a column, and the editor didn't happen to look at it.

On the day the paper came out I was sitting in the outer office wondering if anything would happen to put a little excitement into my monotonous existence. Something did. Madame Slapfaski tore in, and, seizing me by the coat-collar, demanded if I knew who wrote that scurrilous libel on her. I said she would find the man within. Now the editor was within. She dashed at him, thrashed him with her umbrella, until he must have ached in every bone. When she got breath, she went straight to her solicitor and commenced an action for libel.

The paper had to pay heavy damages to settle the matter, and then the editor said we must part. I said I was sorry he was leaving. He said that wasn't it—it was I who was leaving, and he handed me a month's wages.

CHAPTER II.

TOWN LIFE.

HE wasn't a bad fellow, that editor ; he gave me an introduction to a friend who was about to start a new evening paper, and with that and £5 I came to London. I didn't get on well at first. I found the evening paper was coming out in about ten weeks. The question was, What should I do meantime ? I called upon more editors and was more bullied out of more offices than I now care to reckon. The boarding-house where I put up was not extravagant in its charges, but my money and the little my people were able to send me from home began to go very fast. It was musical-criticism I wanted to do, for the splash I made in the country had convinced me that that was my line. Now staying in the same house as myself was a young Irishman, also a journalist. He resembled me also in being out of a job. But one day he came in with glee shining through his sallow complexion, and told me he had secured a job—assistant editor of another evening paper. I congratulated him, and suggested that he should take me as his musical-critic.

"No," he said, "I'm going to get married in three days, and my missus will do all that sort of thing."

I was astonished ; but being, at the time, fairly humble, I requested that he would, at any rate, give me a few sketches to write. But I found out, what few newspaper proprietors and chief editors have, seemingly, found out—that his wife was going to do most of that kind of thing. However, he gave me a few interviews, which were paid for at the rate of 7s. 6d. each, or thereabouts. If this assistant editor had done them, the price would have been at least a guinea per column. But I was glad to get 7s. 6d. I may say I was fairly successful in my first attempts. Interviewing is easy if you only have enough imagination. You call upon your victim, ask him how he does, and then give him your views on the matter in hand. Generally he agrees, in which case when writing you put your own words into his mouth ; but should he disagree, it is no matter, for you report him as saying the opposite of what you said. People, as a rule, are mighty nervous under the operation, and not clear as to what they are saying or want to say. When they see your interview, they are too delighted to think they have talked with some degree of reasonable sequence to inquire whether they did talk so ; and if they do see something they don't remember saying, they set it down to the addled condition of their heads. I had something to say on every subject, and so, as I said, made good interviews. Well,

one Sunday afternoon a bishop got into the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral, and delivered himself of a fiery eclogue against music-halls, and everything appertaining thereto, and a few days later a well-known "serio-comic" made a bitter retort. Appointments were made with both and I was sent to "do" them. That the true inwardness of what took place subsequently may be apparent to my slowest reader, I will anticipate and say that the bishop was a "jolly card," who looked more of the actor than the clerical ; whereas the "serio-comic" was, off the stage, a most solemn, melancholy individual who always wore black clothes, a hat resembling the orthodox shovel, who, in a word, looked more of the clerical than of the actor. All this I found out when it was too late.

Armed with both addresses, away I went, little dreaming of disaster. When I arrived at the bishop's I was shown in, and found a portly, jolly fellow, reading a novel in an easy chair by the fire.

"Well, younker," he said, "what's the latest ?"

I wasn't astonished, I was thunderstruck, paralysed, shot, hung, drawn, and quartered all at once. "What's the latest ?" from a bishop ! A light broke in—a way lights have, like burglars. I had made a mistake, and this was the music-hall man. Quick as lightning I exchanged my subdued, reverential air for one of don't-care-a-hang and reckless gaiety.

"Nothing much, old cock," I responded. "Spooks is ris one per cent, and Stead's Daily is horf !"

The leading serio-comic stared, then laughed ; and after a few more similar exchanges, in which I own I beat him, we got to business.

He began by saying that in his younger days he had been much addicted to play-going, but as he advanced in life he had come to see the evils of the stage. (At this I laughed heartily.) The theatre, he continued, was not such a wicked place as the music-hall, and as he frequented the latter a good deal (with a knowing smile, at which I again laughed), he ought to know. In short, he was by no means bitter about theatre or music-hall, but insisted that, knowing what he did of the latter, it was not a place for "the young person." I thought this all capital fooling, and hugged myself over the capital interview I was getting.

Then I called on the (as I thought) bishop. He was very solemn, quoted the Bible a great deal, besides Mr. Headlam's writings, and soon. He admitted there was much wickedness and wrong-doing in music-halls, "but," he continued, "bad as they are—and I've never hesitated to say they were bad—they're not so bad as the theatre." So he went on ; and when he had finished I went home and wrote my interview, making it appear that the Bishop of — preferred, after all, the music-hall to the theatre, while the famous serio-comic considered the theatre preferable to the music-hall.

My interview duly appeared.

* * * * *

A few days later two angry letters appeared in *The Times*. The serio-comic was chiefly indignant at being taken for a bishop ; while the bishop said that when I called I was obviously under the influence of alcohol, but as he had heard that journalists worked best in that state, he had allowed it to pass. But it was intolerable, he said, that views the exact contrary of his should be put into his mouth. I received a letter from my assistant editor to the effect that I would not be required to do any further articles. That is what my cleverness brought me to.

CHAPTER III.

TOWN LIFE (continued).

FOR a few weeks I had a very bad time. No work of any description could be got. When my money was nearly at an end I gave my landlady notice, and slept that night in a quiet archway. Thank goodness it was summer, or I should have frozen to death. I had, by this time, a fair acquaintance amongst Fleet Street journalists, and could put away the afternoon and evening in their company, but the nights and mornings were terrible. At last my bottom penny was gone ; and though I had written home for more, none, I knew, could arrive for some days. I had kept my hard-up-ness to myself, but when a friend asked me to come in and have a drink, I had to confess my inability to "stand" in turn.

"Poor devil!" he said. "Come with me; I know of a job that is going!"

So he took me along to the office of a society paper, my heart bumping my ribs at every stroke, through my anxiety lest the job should be already given to some other starving wretch. For we mortals, though we like no one to starve, like it least when the starving person is oneself. The place was still open. It was that of musical critic, and the salary was 7s. 6d. a week!

"You will, of course," said the editor, "get tickets for all the concerts, and we want one column only. It must be in by Thursday at five. If you care to interview any one, it is all right. We don't pay for the copy, but you get 25 per cent. on what they take."

I left the office in a stunned state. Seven-and-six a week!—who would pay for the dress suits and white shirts and washing of the same. Still, 7s. 6d. a week was 1s. and a fraction of a halfpenny per day, and lately my income had been nothing a day, so I was rising in the world. My friend pulled me out of my reverie by remarking:

"Now you ought to do very well on this job."

"Handsomely," I answered. "Seven-and-six a week!"

"Seven-and-six? Well, they can't offer nothing exactly, though I admit seven-and-six is next door. But you must work the interview business."

"The what?"

"The interview business—don't you understand? You must go round amongst singers, and players, and composers, and writers, and artists—not the well-known ones, still less unknown ones, but the half-known ones: people who are just beginning to get known. You must offer to interview for this paper, and give a portrait on condition of their buying 500 copies—or as many more or less as they'll take. Five hundred sixpences is £12 10s.—you get a fourth of that, which is £3 2s. 6d.; and if you can do that every week, with your 7s. 6d. it comes to £3 10s.—a handsome income for a young man."

My friend was right. This weekly had once possessed a certain reputation, which even the vagaries of its successive properties was unable to dispel. But its genuine circulation was now *nil*, but for a time it lived on by puffing people who bought large numbers of copies.

I got on very well. For some weeks I ceaselessly sought out people who wanted to be puffed, and by ingeniously appearing unwilling to do it, have persuaded numberless young humbugs who wanted short-cuts to fame to buy as many as a thousand copies. By living carefully I amassed quite a big little sum of money, for I was determined to be prepared for emergencies. It was well. My style of criticism was, as my readers may remember, fairly slashing. Of course I was now civilized, and disguised my personalities quite as cleverly as Mr. Joseph Bennett. But I frequently hit very hard, and had the mortification of seeing my best points cut out by the editor, who was one of those amiable persons who believed in offending no one, and therefore succeeded in offending every one, besides rendering his paper utterly insipid. On one occasion I had skinned an impudent rascal alive; but when that week's issue came out, was astounded to see my terms of reproach turned into terms of praise—enthusiastic praise. My blood boiled. I went straight to the office and the editor's room. We quarrelled violently, and finally he threatened to kick me out of the office. That was enough. I went for him with murderous intent, and he never made a show of fight, but took his thrashing, and then lay on the floor yelling for help.

As I went out I thought what an ass I was to throw away my livelihood.

But next week *The Vulture* (that was the name) did not appear, nor ever again. So I had lost nothing, and had the pleasure of thrashing a natural enemy as well.

(To be continued.)

The Composer as Humorist.

CAN you make a joke in music? Well, some of the great composers have quite evidently tried, with what results it must be left to individual minds to determine. Mr. Sutherland Edwards says you cannot call any music humorous that does not make the listener laugh. If this be the case, then, between comic music and music so utterly bad as to be ludicrous and absurd, there should be no great difference. But it is not the case. There are individuals as insensible to musical humour as Sydney Smith's proverbial Scotsman is to a delicate specimen of wit. The bray of the donkey in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture, the sporting of the great Leviathan in Haydn's *Creation*, the leaping of the frogs in *Israel in Egypt*, are all as little calculated to raise a smile on certain countenances as a summer without rain is calculated to keep the face of the umbrella-maker beaming. Yet to those who have ears to hear there is humour in all these things and in much else besides.

One of the old Edinburgh reviewers found what he called "a sort of musical pun" in Handel's *Messiah* at the passage, "I will shake the heavens and the earth," where the composer has repeated the word several times on a chain of musical shakes, as if, says the reviewer disdainfully—as if the quivering of the voice could represent the commotions of the world! Probably the composer was in this particular instance quite innocent of the indiscretion laid to his charge. But there can be no doubt that Handel practised his musical joke as well as other people. In the chorus, "All we like sheep have gone astray," there is more than a suspicion of the patterning feet of the delinquent "muttons"; while the hopping of the frogs aforesaid, and the buzzing of the flies in *Israel in Egypt* are as evident to the musical sense as anything in this direction well can be.

Even the sedate and earnest John Sebastian Bach had his joke, though it must be admitted the fun is of a somewhat ponderous order. It would be difficult to imagine an association of ideas at first sight more incongruous than those of comedy and Bach; and this was just the feeling of those who knew their Sebastian, when in 1879 the composer's *Coffee Cantata* and *Peasants' Cantata* were produced in England for the first time at the Bow and Bromley Institute. The announcement of the great master in an aspect so utterly unexpected gave rise to the greatest surprise and interest. It was as if Herbert Spencer were heralded as the author of a new work on the lines of *The Innocents Abroad*! The *Coffee Cantata* gives an amusing description of a humorous dialogue between a father and his daughter on the subject of coffee-drinking, the old gentleman insisting somewhat stupidly that she shall never have a husband until she abandons her favourite beverage. The music is full of vivacity, and is exactly suited to the merry theme. The *Peasants' Cantata* represents a village *fête* given to his tenants by the

lord of the manor, in the course of which his rustic guests vie with each other in singing his praises and those of his lady and the young heir, interspersed with some hard hits at the tyrannical disposition of the bailiff! Those who know Sebastian Bach only by his fugues and other works of a severe contrapuntal character, will be somewhat astonished thus to learn of his participation in what might really have been made a pair of good comic operas.

Haydn was perhaps of all the great composers the most humorous. One remembers the *Surprise symphony*, in which a sudden and violent crash of the full orchestra in the middle of a *pianissimo* passage comes, as the composer put it, to waken up the old ladies who have gone to sleep at the concert. Haydn confessed this intention of his to a friend. "There," he said, pointing to the now well-known passage, "There all the women will scream." Then there is the master's *toy symphony*, where the parts are rendered by children's toy instruments, the joke being of course increased when these instruments are put into the hands of prominent musicians. Sir John Stainer essaying the penny trumpet, Dr. Bridge fondling the baby's rattle, and Sir Joseph Barnby tapping the child's drum, would surely be enough to make a sexton smile! Let us admit, however, that here the fun is not in the music, but in the means and manner of rendering it. Humour of this kind is specially evanescent, for it consists only in giving good music to bad instruments, and the most genial listener could hardly be expected to keep up the laugh to the end.

Mozart, as Dr. Spark once reminded us in these columns, was in his private life full of fun and frolic. He dearly loved a joke, and would tell an anecdote with much vivacity and enjoyment. He was fond of billiards and dancing, and when a favourable opportunity presented itself he became a decided Bohemian, and thoroughly relished his glass of punch. Perhaps, then, it was under the influence of the latter that he composed the famous *Musical Joke*—such is really the title—for two violins, viola, bass, and two horns. In this work he pictures, as some one has described it, the efforts of an ambitious but ignorant leader of a small country orchestra, composing a symphony for his band. All the crudities of a half-formed composer are present in the work. Sudden and misplaced cadenzas of the most florid character occur in the violin part, the brasses burst in forcibly whenever there is a dearth of ideas; and finally, in an endeavour to end the work with a fugue, the poor composer nearly meets with total shipwreck. The exposition of the fugue is pompously made, but there the ideas stop, and the brasses cover up the composer's ignominious retreat. This is really one of the most humorous pieces of instrumental music ever written, but of course it can only be thoroughly appreciated by the educated musician.

Rossini could write very comic music when he pleased, though his biographer says he knew well enough all the time that he was writing bad music. He launched into all sorts of extravagances, and introduced some effects in which musical instruments, properly so-called, had no part. In one of his little-known operas he uses percussion "instruments," in the form of metal lamp-shades, tapped with violin bows! Meyerbeer was sometimes very grotesque in his orchestral effects, as when in *Robert le Diable* he gives a four-note melody to be executed on four kettle-drums; and Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" is generally regarded as a piece of excellent fooling. On the whole, however, perhaps the discovery of such musical jokes is best left to those who can thoroughly appreciate them.

The Fairy Ballet.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LULLY THE COMPOSER.

LULLY, the Florentine, was in despair. All day long he had been endeavouring to find an air for the ballet he was writing for the king. All day long he had been trying to force a melody out of his muddled brain. All day long, till the twilight came, and after it night, and the paper before him was covered with ink, but the air was not forthcoming.

The king was to take part in the ballet, and he had desired Lully to let it be one of his best. The musician had promised, confident of himself. In two days it was to be performed, and he had not an idea in his head. He had worked himself into a nervous frenzy, and now sat grinding his teeth with mortification and disappointment.

"So much money gone," he kept repeating to himself; "the king's favour lost for ever. Lully, you will be disgraced. No longer will you be master of the king's music—no longer music-master to the Royal Family." He saw the faces of his enemies gloating over his fall. He saw Sénécé laughing, and Guichard triumphing, and he cried out with rage.

There came a gentle knock at the door, but he did not hear it.

It was opened slowly, and a voice said softly—
"M. Lully."

Another time Lully would have stormed at the interruption: to-night his tongue refused to move.

"Master," the voice went on, "you said I might play you my composition when it was finished. It is finished, and may I play it to you now,—if—you are not busy?"

To hear his pupil's composition was the last thing Lully desired. Before he knew what he was doing he had signed assent, and the youth had begun.

As he played, the moon rose, and shone in upon his pale face and dark circled eyes; and on Lully's ugly face, with its big nose, its small, red-rimmed eyes, and its prominent thick-lipped mouth. Shone in, and gave the boy courage to play.

It was indeed a fairy dance, full of life and joy, of laughter and fun.

Lully listened to it as if in a trance. This was what he wanted. This would have made his name had he written nothing else. It was a wonderful composition.

And as the boy played Lully was planning to make it his own.

"Lalouette," he cried huskily, when the dance closed with a rippling laugh, "you have never played that to any one?"

"No," said the boy, looking anxiously at his master.

"Never do; you will compose something better."

After a pause he continued greedily:—

"Lend me the manuscript. I will look through it, and mark some mistakes I noticed."

"Thank you, thank you," the boy cried, kissing his master's hand; "I will fetch it here at once."

"Oh, master," he said, returning with the manuscript, "give me hope. My heart tells me I have done something good, but I do not know—tell me it is not in vain that I work from morning to night. Tell me one day I shall compose something worth hearing."

"Lalouette," said Lully screwing up his little eyes till the red lines almost met, "Lalouette, you have often begged to be allowed to join my orchestra; you shall do so. And as to this composition," looking pityingly at the boy, "wait,

you are very young. Perhaps," he continued, as if trying to comfort his pupil, "perhaps some day you will do something. Who can tell?"

"You do not like it," said the boy, a tear glistening in his eye; "you are so good—you will not tell me the truth. Ah, master!" he cried, his heart almost broken, and, bursting into tears, he ran from the room.

"That is right," muttered Lully; "he thinks it bad. Now let me see, an alteration here—there—a pause here, a 'G' here instead of an 'A,' and the thing is perfect."

Lully sat down and began to copy Lalouette's manuscript. The dull dawn found him at his table. The rising sun saw a newly finished manuscript, signed "Baptiste Lully," and, in the grate, a heap of ashes.

Lalouette forgot the disappointment about his composition in the honour of joining Lully's band. That was what the "*ruse Florentin*" intended him to do.

The ballet was performed. The king and court raved about it. Lully received fresh honours, and wore them without a pang. By degrees he forgot Lalouette's share in the music. Gradually he lost all fear of his theft being discovered.

Meanwhile he kept Lalouette well in the background, and three years after the performance of the ballet, the youth, now twenty, was no further on the road to success than on that moonlight night when he had put all his soul into his first effort. He had asked Lully several times for his manuscript, and had been put off each time with a "*tout-a-l'heure*" or a "*je verrai*".

One day Lully told him calmly that it was lost.

"It does not matter," said Lalouette; "I will copy it out."

"Diable!" ejaculated Lully, then, seeing his pupil's astonishment, he added with more composure, "I shouldn't if I were you; it is not worth it."

But Lalouette was beginning to know his master better. He no longer worshipped him with the fervour of youth.

"Still, I should like to ask M. Guichard's opinion on it," he said coldly.

"Tête bleue! ask that scoundrel's opinion," Lully exclaimed in a rage. But remembering himself he added, "But by no means take my advice. Go to M. Guichard if you like; he will be sure to tell you the thing is perfect," he finished sarcastically.

So one afternoon Lalouette went to see the Director of the Opera, his manuscript in his pocket.

"And you expect me to believe this is yours, you little rogue," said Guichard, not knowing whether to laugh or be angry at the deception.

"Certainly it is mine," said Lalouette with quiet dignity.

Guichard rose and reached a portfolio.

"Whose is this?" he asked, pointing to Lully's ballet.

Lalouette glanced over the page.

"That is mine," he assured M. Guichard. "How it got there I do not know,—unless M. Lully gave it you."

M. Guichard pointed to the title. Lalouette stared.

"What!" he shouted and stopped short.

"You still say this is yours," said Guichard sarcastically.

"It is mine," the young man affirmed, "it is mine. I wrote it three years ago. The night I finished it I played it to my master, to M. Lully. He did not care for it. I left the manuscript with him; he lost it."

"I am very sorry for you," interrupted Guichard, "for, if you are speaking the truth,

and I think you are, M. Lully has made your work his; and no living mortal would believe you, did you proclaim the truth. No one would hesitate between Lully and Lalouette—between the favourite of the king and a mere boy."

"Ah!" cried Lalouette; "what shall I do? Would that I had never seen Lully."

"You have written this, you can do greater things," said Guichard. "Go back to Lully, and take care he does not suspect you have found him out. Fawn over him; redouble your attentions."

"And—" said Lalouette eagerly. "Write an opera. I will produce it."

Lalouette fell on his knee and kissed Guichard's hand.

"I will do what you tell me," he said. "I hate him, and if ever revenge is in my power, I will revenge myself."

Lalouette followed Guichard's advice.

He flattered Lully, told him he was perfectly right about the composition, and he should not go to M. Guichard after all. All the while he was composing as hard as he could. He sent his work to Guichard by instalment. A week after he had finished the opera it was produced before the king and court.

Lully was there grinding his teeth with rage and jealousy; listening to the king's praise with feelings akin to madness. Behind the scenes stood the trembling Lalouette, almost fainting with delight at the reception of his music.

"Your name is made," said Guichard, tears in his eyes.

"M. Lalouette, M. Lalouette, they are calling for the composer," cried the prima donna, coming into the room.

"Must I go?" asked Lalouette, nervously.

In answer, Guichard took him by the hand and led him on to the stage.

The applause doubled. The king cried "Bravo," and clapped. Lalouette saw nothing but Lully's little short-sighted eyes, screwed up till they looked like drops of blood.

The opera was a brilliant success. The next day Paris talked of nothing else. The king commanded the young composer's presence at court, and bade M. Lully give him a place among the "*petits violins*".

Guichard, whose hatred for Lully was quite as intense as Lully's was for him, took the opportunity to set on foot the tale about the ballet.

It reached Lully's ears. Quick to see his advantage, Lully rushed to the king.

"Sire," he said to His Majesty, "since you have shown this Lalouette favour, he has become bold, and now wishes to supersede me altogether. Ah, sire, have I not worked to please you? and it is hard to hear my best work claimed by an upstart."

"Is this true?" cried Louis.

"Sire, M. Lalouette is now giving forth to the world that he composed *The Fairy Ballet*—I stole it from him," Lully rolled out in well imitated passion.

The king was very angry. He gave Lully a ring from his finger as a mark of his regard and support.

Lalouette was made a laughing-stock. Lalouette's partisans at court took up the tale.

Lalouette was made a laughing-stock.

Guichard saw his mistake too late.

A few months later Louis made the continuous quarrels of the associates of the "*Académie de Musique*" an excuse for transferring Guichard's patent to Lully.

Poor Lalouette, fearing the terrors of the Bastille, fled to England.

In the November of 1672 Lully's first opera was produced in a theatre he had built near the Luxembourg; and the unfortunate Lalouette's forgotten for ever.

BARRY THOMÉ

Our Glee Society.

I.

OUR Glee Society was started in quite a promiscuous kind of manner. Three or four musical enthusiasts, myself among the number, were met one evening at Tittletop's house, enjoying a quiet smoke, when Louis (that is, Tittletop) remarked in his usual genial manner,—

"I say, you fellows, let's have a sing."

The suggestion was met with acclamation by the assembly : and Mr. Horace Slim, an alto with a beautiful voice, and a good musician withal, piped forth "Hear, hear!" So Tittletop dived into the recesses of his bureau and dragged forth an armful of glees, old and new.

He had a fine collection, and a most pleasant and profitable two hours we spent.

Mr. Rolling Billows, the bass, a genial friend and an admirable singer, said to Tittletop as we were having our last pipe previous to taking our departure,—

"I say, Tittletop, why don't you start a Glee Society?"

"Not a bad idea at all," said Louis. "There is nothing of the sort in the neighbourhood, and I think there would be a good chance of one succeeding."

"But what kind of Glee Society?" put in Mr. Native Worth, the tenor, "for male voices only, or what?"

"I should propose," said Tittletop, "that it should be for mixed voices, and that the society perform only glees and madrigals. What do you say, Mr. G.?"

"Well," I replied, "since you ask me my opinion, I think that the suggestion of Rolling Billows is a good one, inasmuch as you might now and again make a speciality of unearthing some old gem, and introducing it at your concerts."

"Good idea, Mr. G.," said Horace Slim ; "there are some splendid old things we might do."

"But what number of voices, Mr. G., do you think this society should consist of?" asked Tittletop.

"I think, Louis, the number is not necessarily the first consideration. It is, as you know, essential to the well-being of your proposed society to find good voices. If in this neighbourhood you can find fifteen or sixteen really good singers wishing to join such a society, I think that would be quite large enough to commence with. I would suggest that you took it in turn to practise at each other's houses once a week."

"Well done," said Tittletop, "your dining-room will do splendidly for us."

"I shall be very glad to have the first meeting held at my house," said Native Worth.

"Make no subscription," I continued, "but let each find his own music ; and if you felt inclined to give a concert now and again, let the proceeds go to some charitable purpose."

"I think, Mr. G., that as Tittletop is a professional man, his valuable time should be taken into consideration," said Roaring Billows.

"If you could make it Saturday nights, I am perfectly willing to offer myself and services as honorary conductor to the society."

This remark was met with much approbation, for Tittletop was a man who knew what he was about, and he would be a most valuable acquisition.

* * * * *

And so it was arranged that they should meet in Native Worth's commodious dining-room on the following Saturday week, by which time

the required number was got together, and OUR GLEE SOCIETY was made up as follows : six sopranos, four contraltos, three tenors, and four basses. Horace Slim kindly consented to be librarian and to hold himself in readiness if anything in the "male voice" way was suggested. Tittletop was unanimously elected hon. conductor, Roaring Billows, hon. sec. and treasurer, and I was asked if I would attend the meetings to report their proceedings in a musical paper ; hence my connection with OUR GLEE SOCIETY.

* * * *

It was the first meeting, and the members were seated round a good sized oblong oaken dining-table. (There was a large family of little Worths. Ten used to sit down every Sunday to dinner.) Mrs. Worth was a good soprano and a fair reader, so became one of us ; in fact, all the "Society" knew each other, and a very happy gathering it was. One or two simple part songs were tried over, and Tittletop expressed himself as being pleased with the tone and the attack. Then Horace Slim, the librarian, handed round "Come again, sweet Love," by John Dowland, a really charming composition.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Tittletop, "we will, if you please, try this over quietly ; doubtless it is a stranger to you."

Slim and Billows said they were acquainted with it, but to the majority it was new, although a very old one. They tried it over, and, for a first attempt, did very well.

"Capital!" said Tittletop, "and now, if you will kindly look at your copies, I will offer a few suggestions as to expression. The first phrase should be rather loud, and the second quite loud ; then a sudden *piano* at "Thy graces" ; then louder again on the next phrase, with a little *rallentando*. Then the next part would be *a tempo primo*, *pp*. 'To see,' *p*. 'To hear,' *mf*, 'To touch,' *f*. 'To kiss,' *ff*. 'To die' with a sudden *dim* ; and then, in strict time and softer to the end. And these suggestions will apply to all the verses and each part."

"What about the *repeats*?" asked Roaring Billows.

"Well," said Tittletop, "I should suggest that they should all be cut out ; you see there are six verses."

"Who was John Dowland, Mr. Tittletop?" asked Miss Languish, a contralto.

"He was really a celebrated lutenist," answered Tittletop.

"Yes, and was born in Westminster, in the year 1562," said Horace Slim.

"This is quite an old madrigal, then," put in Lillie Little, a soprano.

"Close upon 300 years old," said Roaring Billows.

"Although," said Tittletop, "this can hardly be styled a madrigal in the strictest sense of the word, yet it is a sweet and elegant composition, and certainly of the madrigal type."

"Nevertheless," essayed Native Worth, "John Dowland's name most assuredly ranked among the most celebrated madrigalists of the latter half of the 16th century."

"I really am ashamed to admit my ignorance, Mr. Tittletop," said Helen Mees, one of the sopranos, "but what is a madrigal?"

"Well, a madrigal proper," said Louis, "is really an unaccompanied chorus ; but the origin of the word is somewhat doubtful. Some say it comes from the Spanish *madrugada*, which means *dawn* ; and others say it comes from the Italian *mandra*, "a sheepfold." At any rate, the subject is usually of a pastoral or amatory character."

"The one before us is decidedly amatory," said Horace Slim, and then all the ladies laughed.

"There is no doubt," continued Tittletop, "that the words in those days were of a secondary consideration ; the music itself, in its artifices of imitation and counterpoint being all important."

"Then what is the difference between a madrigal and a glee?" asked Miss Sttam, a contralto.

"Why, now, Miss Sttam," said the mighty Tittletop, "you've helped me to explain what a madrigal is. In the old days, when a few friends met together, they used to sing for their amusement, not as now for the amusement—for it does cause amusement, you know—of the listeners. As each listened to his own part, each (naturally) wanted the melody, and would have been jealous if the others had it. So in the typical madrigal, by means of double, triple, and quadruple counterpoint, each voice got the other's part in turn, and no one could complain. And though, as I've remarked, this is not the stricter kind of madrigal, yet even here you'll notice that one part is as important as another."

"Except at 'to hear,' 'to touch,' 'to die,'" interrupted Native Worth.

"Perhaps so," said Tippletop ; "but even there the treble has not what you would call the tune ; in fact, it only happens that the treble has a dialogue, as it were, with the other parts. The effect is common enough in Handel : 'Glory to God,' and 'Lift up your heads,' to give familiar instances."

"But, Mr. Tittletop," says Miss Sttam, somewhat bewildered, "what has all that to do with the difference between a madrigal and a part-song?"

"I was just coming to that," replied Tittletop. "In later times people came to be—well, amused by their friends' singing. They only got muddled by so many tunes going at once, and it was to meet *their*—the listeners'—needs that the part-song developed. In it there is, as a rule, a distinct melody on the top, and the rest of the voices put in a humble accompaniment beneath, except in the rare cases where the composer compassionately gives alto, tenor, or bass a 'show' for a few bars."

"Thanks ; I understand," says Miss Sttam. But she doesn't.

"The same change may be noted in the instrumental music of a rather later period," continues Tittletop. "Generally speaking, the denser people are, the harder they find it to appreciate more than one melody at once ; and you may notice that the Italian opera of Bellini and Donizetti appealed to the most frivolous people the earth has seen. By the way, I suppose you know madrigals were composed and published with a view to performance either by voices or on 'cheats of viols'?"

But they knew nothing of the sort.

"I see, Tittletop," said Native Worth, "that this madrigal is written for first and second treble."

"The reason, I suppose, is this," answered Louis, "that at the period this was written only boys' voices were available ; but, as time went on, it became more and more the fashion for ladies and gentlemen to meet together in harmonious discourse."

"Delightful innovation," said Slim.

"Beautifully put, Louis," sighed Roaring Billows.

"Until," said Tittletop, laughing at the interruption, "the little chorister boys were quite ousted by the ladies."

"Just like 'em," put in Native Worth, and glanced merrily at his wife.

"Now, referring once more to the madrigal 'Come again, sweet Love,'" said Tittletop, "I think if we put the metronome mark at $\text{C} = 88$, it will be a time suitable to the words. And I



hope you'll bear in mind my long prosing about the difference between the madrigal and the part-song, and each try to phrase his or her own part as beautifully as possible, and at the same time subordinate it to the other parts. You must play into each other's hands, so to speak. Now let us have another try at this pretty madrigal."

GEO. F. GROVER.

(To be continued.)

Miss Lenna Mendelssohn

THIS young lady, whose portrait (taken from a photograph by her father, the celebrated photographic artist) we give above, lately created considerable enthusiasm in Paris by her singing at one of Madame Marchesi's concerts. She was born in England,—to be exact, Newcastle-on-Tyne, I believe,—and studied under Mr. Villa, a London teacher of singing. Madame Marchesi, on hearing Miss Mendelssohn sing, said she had not yet acquired any style, but her fine contralto voice had been rightly "placed." The date of the concert referred to was February 26, and *Le Soir* and *Le Gaulois* speak of Miss Mendelssohn's singing as the "great success" of the afternoon. *The Galignani Messenger* says, "She brings from our dear foggy climate the purest of contralto voices—a rich musical voice with good carrying power, capable of great things in the not distant future. She gave Saint-Saëns' 'Plainte,' and the romance from the 'Sommeil de Psyche,' with excellent effect, and was warmly applauded." More recently Miss Mendelssohn sang at a concert given by Lady Dufferin at the Embassy, in aid of a pupil of

Madame Marchesi's, and made an even greater success. She has not decided whether to make opera or concerts her "speciality," but Madame Marchesi is in favour of the latter.

Music in South Africa.

THE "Lyric" Opera Company have been playing *Faust* for the last few nights. Tolerably well staged, but orchestra not up to the mark for such an attempt. A man named Snazelle, who states he has played in this opera in England with the very greatest artistes, took the part of Mephistopheles. He quite looked the part, and has a good voice. This company is now leaving, and making way for the Hawtrey Comedy Company. It was advertised that on Sunday evening an entertainment of a sacred character would be given at the Opera House by Mr. Snazelle and others, which would include sacred songs and views of the Holy Land, and representations, pictorial, of course, of the Passion Plays at Oberammergau. Of course there were various letters in the papers from the Dean and other denominations of clergy, stoutly denouncing such an innovation, though the *entrepreneur* had promised a liberal percentage to charities. Such a bribe they said they would not be guilty of accepting. Our venerable friend, "the thin end of the wedge," was clearly to be seen, and we should end up as Paris, etc., etc. But, the Opera House was crammed all the same, though the churches lost nothing in attendance. But I hear the Snazelle business was poor, so am glad I did not go.

Mendelssohn's Grave.

A

T a lecture recently given by Dr. Le-

mare at Arnold College, Bourne-

mouth, the lecturer said:—

"There exists a strong inclination in the minds of men to show their reverence for dead celebrities by visiting the spot where all that is mortal of them rests. It is this feeling which sends thousands of devotees to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and which moves pilgrims to make long journeys to the shrines of venerated saints. A friend of mine, impelled by this feeling, not long ago stood reverently by the side of the graves of Beethoven and Schubert at Vienna, and determined, on reaching Berlin, to visit the spot hallowed by the ashes of Mendelssohn.

"He made his way to the cemetery in which he understood the gifted composer was interred, but the keeper of the cemetery knew nothing about the famous musician, had never heard that he was buried in the German capital. So my friend hastened to another 'God's acre' some half-mile distant, the old Holy Trinity cemetery, which he found a wilderness of tombs. There was no cemetery-keeper to give information, so he inquired from a lady who was evidently returning from a visit to a relative's grave, where the tomb of the illustrious musician was situated. She, too, knew nothing about the burial-place of Mendelssohn, although it was within a few yards of the spot where she stood. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to roam about 'the city of the dead' on a voyage of discovery. The looked-for site was soon reached. A square plot of ground is occupied with the graves of the Mendelssohn family; surrounded by his own folk sleeps 'the sweet singer of Israel,' who has rendered the name of Mendelssohn illustrious.

"Ordinary white tombstones, neatly lettered, record the names of the dead buried beneath the cluster of mounds, and that over the composer differs in no respect from the others. This is as it should be. Mendelssohn loved the members of his family intensely, and was intensely beloved by them in return. It is in complete harmony with his character and domestic virtues that his last home should be among those nearest and dearest to him. A day or two afterwards my friend went to the chief photographic shop in Berlin, to buy views of the city; he asked, of course, for a photograph of Mendelssohn's grave. The photographer, not content with answering that he had not got one, went on to assert that Mendelssohn was not buried in Berlin; he also was unaware that the German capital was entrusted with the safe keeping of the great master's honoured remains. But he was not allowed by his English customer to remain any longer in ignorance of the interesting fact.

"To a certain extent, it may evidently be said a musician, like a prophet, is without honour in his own country. But, however Berliners may forget that the ashes of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy are deposited in Berlin soil lovers of the divine 'concord of sweet sounds' throughout Germany and the world over, will never cease to admire the genius who has enraptured them with the celestial melodies of *Songs without Words*, and raised their souls heavenwards by the majestic harmonies of glorious *Elijah*."

My Pupils.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A REVOLUTION IN STREET CRIES."

I HOPE I shall not be condemned by any of my readers for introducing this subject into these papers, but as it is connected with the doings of a *quasi-pupil* I shield myself behind this excuse, and hide me from the shafts of anger and the grumbling brick-bats of discontent.

Well, dear reader, Mo has turned up once more, like the proverbial bad coin—most people always say "penny," but if a bad coin ever finds its way into Tittletop's "fob," that self-same bad coin is a shilling—but this by the way. Well, Mo has turned up once more, but this time in quite a different guise. I was seated in my room one Sunday afternoon, enjoying a quiet pipe between services, when suddenly there was a violent knock at the front door, an excited pull at the bell, followed by somebody rushing upstairs and bouncing into my room: and that somebody was "Mo."

"Hullo, Tipcat, old fellow, so glad to have caught you alone; do you mind me joining you in a pipe?"

This was quite a "*climb down*" for "Mo," generally so dictatorial in his address.

"Not at all; shall be quite delighted," said I. "Come, take that easy chair, and help yourself to baccy. Ah, that's it; now you look quite comfortable," said I, as I gazed upon Mr. Mozart Taylor.

"I'm afraid you will think me a selfish beggar, Tipcat," said Mo, puffing away; "but I have again come to ask you your advice" (still climbing down, methought).

"I certainly do not think you are selfish," I answered. "You know I shall only be too delighted to help you in any way that I possibly can. What is it I can do for you now?"

"Now, don't laugh, Tipcat, old fellow, will you?"

"I'll do my best to keep a serious countenance, Mr. Mo, while you unfold your ideas."

If a smile occasionally rippled over my countenance during the conversation that follows, I feel sure the indulgent reader will exonerate me from any desire to poke fun at Mo.

"Well, Tipcat," began my guest, "I was walking through the East End of London a few weeks back, and I could not but notice how very unmusical our London street cries are. These itinerant vendors made hideous noises that were far inferior to a cat's concert on the tiles in the dead of night, and we all know what that is."

"Alas! I do, Mr. Mo," I put in; "this neighbourhood is simply infested with members of the feline tribe—

'Cats large and cats small,
Cats short and cats tall.'

—TITTLETOP, Poet.

"Well," continued Mo, "I thought what a grand idea it would be if somebody would take the subject and arrange these different 'cries' to well-known tunes; and coster classes might be held for instruction in these. Now, Tipcat, I am sure I saw you laugh."

"Indeed, Mr. Mo, you are mistaken," said I, almost exploding with suppressed mirth.

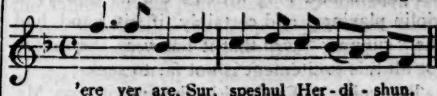
"Well, hear me out, Tipcat, and then laugh as much as you like."

Now, I have selected a few of the well-known calls, and arranged them to what I consider appropriate ditties.

"No 1 I have arranged to Tom Bowling, as

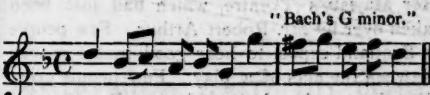
we read that 'Tom, never from his word departed' I thought the music to this song would most apply. Here it is":—

"Tom Bowling."


'ere yer are, Sur, speshul Her-di-shun.

I had a great temptation to laugh, but I overcame it and let Mo proceed.

"No. 2," said my revolutionary friend, "is, I think, particularly appropriate, as the men who sell these nasty shellfish seemed to me to be in great need of social reformation. I thought it would be a good thing to give them something a little classical, so chose the following from Bach":—


"Bach's G minor."

Fine large peri-win-kles, pen-ny a pint.

"You will doubtless observe, Tipcat, that it is pitched rather high, but then, of course, they would all have to go in thoroughly for voice production."

"I shall not apply for the vacant professorship," I ventured.

"Well, never mind that," said Mo, continuing; "let us come to No. 3."


"Bay of Biscay."

Fine fresh water-cress-es,
all fresh gath-er'd.

"Now, doubtless, Tipcat, you will, at first sight, fail to see the connection between 'the Bay of Biscay' and watercresses, but when you look into the matter your difficulty will vanish; you, perhaps, are not aware that watercresses are much sought after by sailors as an *Antiscorbutic*, and so, I thought, a nautical ditty would be most appropriate for the vendors of this delicious greenstuff."

"No. 4 explains itself, as most of the shrimps come from Gravesend, were watermen used most to congregate, what more appropriate than this combination"—


"The Jolly Young Waterman."

Fine large shrimps, beau-ti-ful brown-uns.

"No. 5, Tipcat, I thought, was deserving of something sweet and fragrant as itself, and what more delicious than Mendelsohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, No. 30?"

Mendelsohn's "Songs without Words," No. 30.


Sweet bloo-min la-ven-

der, six-teen branch-es a pen-ny.

"I found it rather difficult to find a suitable melody for No. 6. I thought of a lot of things about—*O fly with me, for darkness flies away, and then it flew away, I attempt from love's sickness to fly, O bid your faithful Ariel fly*, etc., etc.; but none of these pleased me. So then I thought of Arne's pretty melody as being appropriate, as bees are of the fly species, so I wrote it down, and here it is":—

"Where the Bee Sucks."


Catch 'em all a-live, oh, Bluebottles and flies 'oh!

"The next 'London cry,' No. 7, is, I think, the best of all, and, I think, if we could get the men and women who sell these *views* to sing the tune as here suggested in proper pitch and with good articulation, the result would be admirable; and though, perhaps, only in a little way, it would do its share towards helping on our reputation as a musical nation, which we, undoubtedly are, in spite of carpers and pessimistic critics."

"The Girl I left behind me."


A pan-or-am-a view of the Lord Mayor's

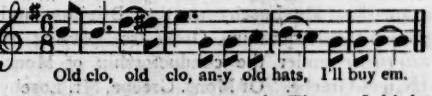
Show, one pen-ny, all-oil-y color'd.

"I daresay you know the old song, 'The Anchor's Weighed,' Tipcat, don't you?" asked Mo of me. I was already crying with mirth at his previous remarks.

"Yes, I know the song," I replied.

"Well, Tipcat, I have introduced the final phrase for the old clo man; you know the words, *Farewell, farewell, remember me*. I thought it a most appropriate idea for their London cry, so I have arranged it; here it is":

"The Anchor's Weighed."


Old clo, old clo, any old hats, I'll buy em.

"Don't laugh so outrageously, Tipcat; I think it most touching to part with your old clothes, I always think of it as a separation from old and tried friends, and always grieve at their departure."

"Now, with regard to the next 'cry,' Milk-oh-oo, this gave me great trouble; what tune to set it to I did not know, until looking over an old book of songs I came across Ben Jonson's words, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' so I set it down, and here it is. Don't you think it makes a very charming cry? And what a good trade the vendor of milk would do if he sang it nicely."

"Drink to me only."


Milk oh-oo.

"I am only going to worry you with one more, Tipcat, and then I will beg a cup of tea, old fellow. Although 'Hot cross buns' is not a 'cry' that one hears very often now; yet I thought I would set it as being a well-known one, and methought 'The Vicar of Bray' would go well to it."

"The Vicar of Bray," I exclaimed; "whatever connection is there between the two subjects?"

"Now, try to think, Tipcat."

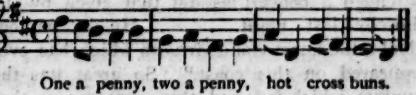
"I cannot conceive why you should have chosen 'The Vicar of Bray,'" said I.

"You mean to say you don't see any connection between them?"

"No, I do not, Mr. Mo; what is it?"

"Why, no connection at all," said he, laughing merrily; "that's just the reason I selected it. Ring for the tea, and on some future occasion we will discuss the matter further."

"The Vicar of Bray."


One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns.

A Chat with Mr. H. Everett Loseby.

HAVING received instructions from the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC to "interview" Mr. H. Everett Loseby, I lost no time in calling upon him and plying him with questions regarding his *past*.

Everybody has a *past*. Some bear looking into—some do not. Mr. Todman tells us, in that charming play, "Liberty Hall," that a man can even have a past "in the soap trade"! That being so, it does not require a very great stretch of the imagination to believe that the past (and present) of one who has spent his life for music will be interesting. I do not attempt to give Mr. Loseby's story as he told it, but will endeavour to reproduce what he said during the hour's chat I had with him.

Mr. Loseby was born in Kettering, in Northampton, in 1859. For generations back his family—on both sides of the house—had been musical; so it was only natural that he was born to a fine artistic temperament. At the age of seventeen he was sent to study the violin and harmony with a Mr. Richard Harrington. During the three years he was with this teacher he gained no small proficiency on the flute and harp, and added orchestration and counterpoint to his other studies. Making great advances with the violin, he made that instrument his speciality.

In 1879 Mr. Loseby went to Brighton and joined the Aquarium Orchestra, playing as *répétiteur* under the conductorship of Mons. Jacques Greebe. Of Mons. Greebe, Mr. Loseby said that to him he owed much of the success which had come to him in his career. "A thorough musician, if ever there was one," were the words he used when speaking of him. With Mr. Greebe, Mr. Loseby continued his musical studies, adding thereto fugue and canon.

There seems to have been a silent, though warm, bond of sympathy between master and pupil which enabled them to get over a vast amount of ground.

In 1888, on account of the effects of a severe illness, Mr. Loseby was obliged to leave Brighton and go for a sea voyage, for his health's sake. Happily the fame of the young musician's talent stood him in good stead, and he was appointed Chief Bandmaster of H.M.S. *Swiftsure*. Calling at the Hawaiian Islands in November of the same year, he produced Sullivan's *Patience* in the Opera House, before a large and enthusiastic audience, among whom were the King and Queen, to whom the conductor was presented. On reaching British Columbia, a grand concert was organized and given by Mr. Loseby in the Imperial Opera House at Vancouver, at which he played, among other pieces, a Bolero by Moszkowski, and a Mazurka de Concert by Ovide Musin. For the first of these Mr. Loseby received a *double* encore. For several days at a time he would leave the ship and give concerts in the towns of any size up or down the coast. Never had such a violinist visited British Columbia before, and so, wherever Mr. Loseby appeared, he was most enthusiastically greeted.

Speaking of a concert he gave in September, 1889, in the Imperial Opera House of Victoria, one of the newspapers said: "Never in the musical history of Victoria has such success attended a concert as did that given by Mr. Loseby last night. . . . He is, without doubt, the finest violin virtuoso which has ever appeared on this coast." So great was the success which followed this appearance, that

Mr. Loseby gave another concert in October, for which he specially composed two songs, and also a Polka de Concert for cornet. Again the papers had long articles on his powers of violin playing; and certainly, if his hand had the "cunning" then that it has now, the reason for all this excitement is not far to seek.

Returning to England in the end of 1890, Mr. Loseby played at the Royal Italian Opera season of 1891. On the occasion of the German Emperor and Empress' state visit, he played with the picked orchestra. Of the rendering given to the prelude to *Lohengrin* that night, Mr. Loseby said he considered it "as near perfection as mortal men could have played it."

In August, 1891, Mr. Loseby came to Dundee to take charge of the musical arrangements of Her Majesty's Theatre, which had just been taken over by Mr. Robert Arthur. Few people in Scotland expect to hear good music played between the acts of a play. Few people go to the theatre for the music at all. Outside London, Liverpool, and Manchester there are few theatre orchestras able to play anything more difficult than a waltz, march, or so forth. This is not at all what it should be. On the Continent the theatre bands give capital concerts, and are in every way worthy of the name of an orchestra. Mr. Arthur, being anxious to form a band which in every way would be a credit to Dundee, gave Mr. Loseby a free hand as regard making the necessary arrangements, with the result that Dundee now owns the finest theatre orchestra in Scotland.

The Scotch are proverbially slow in taking up a new scheme, and the worthy Dundonian is doubly so; but the exceptional excellence of the music discoursed at Her Majesty's has convinced all its patrons that we are quite able to hold our own against foreigners in the realm of music.

In the summer of 1892 a grand season of promenade concerts was arranged; an enlarged orchestra engaged, soloists, vocalists, etc., etc., with Mr. Loseby as conductor. Speaking of those concerts—which were both varied and good—*The Dundee Advertiser*, one of the best dailies in the country, said: "The arrangements for the promenade concerts are in every way capital. Mr. Loseby will conduct. It is only recently that the public have wakened up to appreciate what Mr. Loseby is doing. He has made the theatre band a distinct and notable feature of the evening's entertainment. The effect of his discipline as conductor, of his enthusiasm and intelligence as a musician, and of his talent as a composer and executant, have been most marked."

Mr. Loseby has written between 90 and 100 pieces, written music for four pantomimes, making them much more elaborate than is usual, and has the draft of an opera in his portfolio. His last work has been writing the music to "The Little Housewife," a monologue in which Miss Evelyn Hughes—the famous child actress—will make her London *début*. I was present at a rehearsal of the sketch lately, and can personally speak of the charmingly original music. Two numbers—a song and a dance—will, I am sure, become great favourites before long.

As a teacher, Mr. Loseby is well known in Dundee, he being kept busy all day with violin, harmony, and counterpoint lessons. When I asked him what he considered was the best thing he had yet done, he answered, "What I may yet be able to do." Such work as Mr. Loseby is doing is on the right lines for the encouragement of art in Britain. Had he a German name, long hair, and less musical knowledge, doubtless his name and work would have been heard of before this.

The Composition of the Month.

MR. SMIETON'S PRIZE CANTATA.

HAVE a difficulty in appreciating Scotch poetry and Scotch music that may prevent my being absolutely fair to this cantata. Speaking generally, the qualities that recommend them to Scotch folk render them distasteful to me. Scotch poetry always seems so intensely unmusical, and Scotch music so intensely bagpipey, that a song of Burns' set to Dr. Mackenzie's music makes me squirm in unspeakable anguish. For what Englishman can hear the bagpipes and live? It may be an inherited memory of all the lickings that Robbie Bruce and Wallace and the Douglases gave us in the old days, it may be that I dislike Scotch whiskey; but whatever the reason, the fact remains; and if I am not so appreciative of Mr. Smeton's work as might be wished, this confession may explain why. And I may as well take the present moment to own that if Scotch poetry is distasteful to me, Scotch humour is incomprehensible. The humorous portions of Burns only cause me internal pangs. Now this cantata is a setting of a humorous ballad by Burns. On the other hand, it is pleasing to find a prize cantata that seems to deserve the prize. A little more than a year ago a certain enterprising firm offered a £100 prize for the best opera or cantata (I forget which), "to encourage native art." Now I expected that the older hands would in all honour stand by and give the rising generation a chance. Not so; a leading light of a well-known college of pedants put in for and won the prize, which was not surprising, for the judges were pedants too. I believe the winner is the author of a book on the art of extemporising. Will any one ever write an essay on the art of being spontaneously witty? However, one becomes sceptical about the value of "native art" that is encouraged in that way; and it is refreshing to chance on a work that has won a prize and yet is not pedantic.

The plot of *The Jolly Beggars* is simple enough. A number of rascals and thieves of various descriptions meet in a "pub," and drink and tell stories, and laugh and shout—and that is all. That the "pub" is situated on that side of the border is proclaimed in the very first bar of the orchestral introduction:



I need not quote further; the whole movement (and it is a very short one) is of malice prepense, barbarous in its suggestion of bagpipes and the Scotch fiddler. Then the chorus enters, *Andante Tranquillo*, with the opening lines of the poem:

"When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or wavering like the bankie bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast."

This is the one opportunity the poet has given the composer of writing really fine picturesque music, and Mr. Smeton has taken full advantage of it. Every bar shows how completely he has entered into the spirit of the poet who loved to hear the wind roar through the leafless trees

in the stormy winter days. The accompaniment here plays a small part, and one is bound to admire the technical skill by which the required effects are got chiefly from the voices.

"A 'merry core' of 'randie, gangrel bodies in Poosie Nansie's held their splore'; and some of the music to this possesses a genuine hearty ring that is not unattractive. Without any real break we plunge into the description :—

"First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane set, weel braced wi mealy bags."

to a *Tempo di Marcia*. I need not quote the music here, nor in the case of the ballad sung by the gentleman in the "mealy bags." But when he is finished, and the chorus have signified their approval in "the usual manner," an artist on the bagpipes, by name Merry Andrew (Esq.), strikes up :—



Now, I have not the slightest doubt that this fills the Scotch bosom with uncontrollable delight; but who can talk of "internationalism" so long as the sight of the notes on paper makes one run to the window and instinctively throw a halfpenny (and a bad word) into the street? Indifferent to my emotions, however, Mr. Merry Andrew strikes up :—



Sir Wisdom's fool when he's fou, which is no doubt true; but to drive it well home, as preachers do their texts, Mr. M. Andrew continues on the subject for two long verses, which Mr. Smeton has made the most of. A lady next tells the sad adventures of her lover, "John Highlandman"; but she rather unfortunately takes the same rhythm as her predecessor. Women, however, are rarely inventive, and the chorus help her out, giving a little variety to her lamentations by their sympathetic remarks. Then a fiddler follows. Burns mentions that he tunes to the "ariose key." I don't know whether Mr. Smeton has managed that order, but he has (and in my opinion unfortunately) indulged the fiddler, like the lady pickpocket and the bag-piping gentleman, in 6-8 time. Certainly the tune is a jolly one; but 6-8 time, like the bag-pipes and the income-tax, is a thing that an Englishman tires of. Presently we get relief. There is—alas! that such vulgar incidents should occur—a row. The fiddler and a young man who "works in brass" quarrel about a lady, and the brazen individual wins both lady and quarrel. He gently woos the fair one, and the health of the happy pair is drunk uproariously. I need not further describe the work in detail. Other songs are sung, and the chorus join in vigorously with the last, fetching the cantata to an effective conclusion. The various "jolly beggars" console themselves with whiskey and the reflection that

they have nothing—not even characters—to lose; and they indulge themselves as the Bach family are once said to have done—by each apparently singing the tune he likes best. Thus the ladies have a psalm-tune, and some of the tenors follow with the same a bar after, while others throw in general remarks. Then some of the basses yell "The Keel Row," and the remainder decide that "Amen" is the word to make the loudest possible noise upon. Finally the music of the earlier part of the evening returns, and all—being now thoroughly drunk, I presume—join in shouting that—

"Liberty's a glorious feast,"

though they have this night feasted on something more than liberty to get into their present condition.

J. F. R.

Interview with an English Pianist in Leipzig.

WHAT! an English pianist? Nonsense! A fact, I assure you, and a good one too. The name, Elizabeth M. Reynolds, must already be known to at least the greater part of the readers of the *Magazine of Music*. Two songs and five piano pieces (*Albumblätter*) have already appeared in the Magazine Supplements of March and July last. But it is not so generally known that Miss Reynolds is an excellent pianist; so, with a view of gleanings a few interesting facts about herself, I called recently to have a little chat. Finding my way through the streets of quiet Leipzig, and passing the famous Gewandhaus, I reached my destination. A momentary glance at my card to see what stage—for Leipzig addresses are apt to puzzle with their numerous stages and their left, middle, and right—was necessary.

Was Fräulein Reynolds at home? Fräulein Reynolds was at home, and would see me. The sounds of a "grand" reached me as I neared the door and entered. I will not attempt to describe Miss Reynolds, I leave it to her picture; sufficient to say that she is tall, dark, and rather stately, but with a vivacious manner, and a noticeable quick way of speaking, and that I had little trouble in gaining the information I wanted.

Miss Reynolds is of Irish parentage, having been born in Cork, and her talent is apparently not hereditary, but is a distinct gift, as she assured me neither of her parents were very musical.

"How old were you when you commenced to play, Miss Reynolds?"

"Three years. I used to hear my sister play and then imitate her, and any air that my brothers would whistle after coming from an opera, I was sure to imitate on the piano. At seven or seven and a half I played the piano part of Mozart and Beethoven's violin sonatas entirely by ear, as I could not read a note. I remember a violinist who used to play with my sister once asking me to play with him. All went well as long as they were pieces I had heard, but when asked to READ, of course I could not do so. I then commenced to study music, my teacher being Mr. de Prins for piano, and Herr Swertz for theory, both of Cork."

In reply to further questions, I heard that on leaving the above teachers, Miss Reynolds came straight away to Germany, being then a little girl of about thirteen and a half, and entered the "Hochschule" in Berlin. There

she was placed in the piano class of Herr von Petersen, whom she considers an excellent teacher, and for composition that of Woldemar Bargiel. The first step that seems to have brought her much attention was when she played a Prelude and Fugue of her own composition at one of the Hochschule concerts, and Joachim straightway took an interest in her. On leaving the Hochschule, Joachim gave her a letter to Anton Rubinstein, saying that although Rubinstein was averse to giving lessons, nothing would be lost by going down to see, and, if possible, play to him. Rubinstein heard her, but did not want to bother with giving any lessons. He however, after some hesitation, accepted her, and she was fortunate enough to have lessons from him for no less a time than one year. Considering how averse Rubinstein is to lesson giving, this must be considered a great compliment. At the time Miss Reynolds was studying with him, Rubinstein had only three regular pupils, a Fräulein Jakimowski (a Russian, whom I had the pleasure of meeting and hearing here privately last winter), Josef Hoffman, and herself.

Asked to give me some particulars of Rubinstein's way of teaching, I got the reply, "Well, we used to go for our lessons whenever we had anything ready to play. We took two copies of each piece; one was placed on Rubinstein's writing-desk—at which he would sit with a cigarette—and the other on the piano—not that we used the copy on the piano, but it was there in case Herr Rubinstein came to the piano. Every piece had to be thoroughly worked up technically beforehand, and of course played from memory, as if we attempted to stop to turn the pages, we were met with, 'Go on; what are you stopping for?'"

"The piece played through, without a remark on Rubinstein's part, he would straightway commence to tear everything to shreds—it was horrible! disgraceful! Everything was wrong, etc.—and go into a royal rage for ten minutes or so, and then, after rushing his hands through his hair, would calm down, and show how it should be done. Every bar and line were gone over until it went right, so that a piece once taken was never taken a second time."

Miss Reynolds told me one or two comical sayings of Rubinstein. He would cry out, "Not enough tone—more tone!" rush to the piano, and show what he wanted. The pupil, after vainly trying to get enough "more tone," and saying so, would be met with the slightly crushing reply, "Why not? I can do it; why can't you?" On another occasion, after hearing Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 81a, "Les Adieux," speaking of the last movement, "Le retour," Rubinstein remarked, "Yes; there are many things in that you don't play. For instance, when one returns from a journey they bring back presents with them; I don't HEAR those presents."

Rubinstein giving up his pupils, Miss Reynolds was stranded, not knowing what to do. Returning to England, she received a letter from Eugen D'Albert—to whom she had several times played, and who had treated her with great kindness—advising her to return to Germany. Miss Reynolds was then thinking of Leschetitzky. On seeing D'Albert, however, he gave her a letter to Martin Krause, of Leipzig, the great German music critic, pupil of Liszt, and President of the famous "Liszt Verein," and one of the finest piano teachers in Germany. With Herr Krause she has remained ever since, and expressed herself to me as more than satisfied.

This winter Miss Reynolds made a formal début here at the second Liszt Verein concert,

playing the "Grieg A moll Concerto," and solos by Chopin and Liszt, and the latter composer's "Waldesrauchen" by way of an encore. The great Albert Hall in the Crystal Palace here was crowded, perhaps out of curiosity to see Siegfried Wagner make his first bow here as a conductor. Miss Reynolds was very successful, although they might have provided a better piano for her, the one she played on being simply wretched. Eugène d'Albert came in to listen to her last rehearsal with the orchestra. On my remarking, "It is nice to have such friends, Miss Reynolds," she replied, "Yes, indeed, and of one's own making. D'Albert and Mme. Carreño have been very good to me, and I have had several engagements through their instrumentality."

Miss Reynolds has lately been playing in Holland, also in Dresden, Altenburg, etc., and has been remarkably well received. Asking "What are your plans for the future?" I received the reply, "I have none, excepting to work"; so, after wishing her success, I said, "Good afternoon," having had quite a considerable chat. Later on, however, I received an invitation to an "Evening" at Herr Krause's, where I again heard Miss Reynolds play, and with the memories of her playing I close my account of an "English pianist."

H. O.

How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Continued from page 59.)

—:o:—

In the sonata dealt with last month we saw the gentler side of Mozart's character, and the difficulty was to preserve the delicacy of the tints without degenerating into colourless sentimentality. In the A minor sonata, which I now take in hand, we have music of a different sort. In place of the lyrical expression of subdued feeling we have the noise and clamour of spiritual battle such as we find nowhere else save in the works of Beethoven and Bach. This A minor sonata is undoubtedly one of the most splendid pieces of piano music ever imagined, and in its execution one is inclined to say that Mozart has surpassed every other composer except Bach. Only Mozart and Bach are masters of themselves in such moments of supreme struggle; they only can calmly guide the streams of music with which they are inspired into the moulds that their artistic instincts have decided are best.

If you ask, What is the mystic passion that fills this music? the reply is, that it is something that is beyond description in words—something which can only be felt, not thought. The first movement always suggests to me the vision of a stormy night, with a wind ragging the masses of rain-clouds through which the moon wades. On such a night the elements seem to be impelled by human passion, and it is the passion whose presence we feel then that we feel in this movement of Mozart's. There is no introduction; at the first chord we are in the midst of the storm. That first chord must be harsh. The effect can best be got by using the second finger for the D sharp and the thumb for the E, rapidly changing to the fourth, thus:



while all the chords—not only those on which fall the principal accents—must be strongly

struck with a rather stiff wrist, so that the tone verges on the harsh. In the sixth bar the very greatest care must be taken, *sforzandos* in one hand against the *piano* notes in the other. In most editions the opening is marked *f*, as is the resumption of the subject at the bar 9. But it seems to me that the latter requires to be played *f*, and the whole passage should be rendered thus:—



Those unexpected accents on the semiquavers (*) being fully marked. The hesitation in bars 14 and 15 must not sink into sentimentality; and, indeed, to rightly indicate this momentary quailing of the spirit, as it were before some threatening danger, is a matter that will be achieved only with great pains. Bars 16-22 include one of the most tremendous passages Mozart ever wrote. It must be played with this expression:—



I have not discussed the *tempo* yet. The inclination will be at first to play it too fast. About $\text{♩} = 108$ is, however, quite quick enough. But at the second subject it is obvious that something faster than that is required. I recommend that it be gradually raised to $\text{♩} = 120$, a *ritard* being made in the sixth bar before the double bar to get back to *tempo 1*, both for the repeat and for the working-out section.

The danger will be to make the second subject playful, whereas nothing could be further from its true character. It is expressive of an agitated exultation. I suggest that the best reading is this—



and that all the ensuing scale-passage be given legato, and with the natural tendency to get *crescendo* as they rise and *diminuendo* in falling. Playfulness, too, must be avoided in the splendid passages later on where the hands change parts (bars 35-41); and the next passage, in which a great *crescendo* is required in both parts—the treble rising and the bass descending—is one of the most difficult ever written. It is worth the trouble, however, for only those who have heard such a passage as this played rightly

know the enormous climactic effect Mozart could get without any use of heavy chords. Here there are only three parts, two in the thinnest part of the upper register of the piano, and one in the richest part of the bass, and the result is overwhelming. In the last five bars of the first section the effect is repeated with a difference. The mood from one of passionate complaining, almost of shrinking terror, has passed through that of agitated exaltation to one of high triumph. The right-hand chords suggest trumpets, but the long rolling *crescendo* in the bass shows that the storm is not yet spent. To get that *crescendo* demands as great technical power as the previous bars; and as in the other case, the result is worth the labour of acquiring it. I don't know that it would be justifiable to play the *forte* bars of the descending scale passage in octaves; but I will confess that I always want to do so, for the effect of the single notes in the bass is thin against the treble chords.

The remainder of this magnificent movement must be left for my next article.

TECHNICALITIES.

The long scale passage that forms part of the second subject should be practised with the right hand alone, and the student should strive to attain a perfect *legato*.

Similarly, the long passage for the left hand, which begins at bar 40, should be practised most carefully, especially this—



It should also be practised an octave above with the right, using the fingering I have given.

(To be continued.)

How to Practice.

—:o:—

CHILDREN'S PIECES.

THE two little selections from Handel and Bach are intended for our younger readers. The Bach piece will be found easy; the only thing is to play with extreme smoothness, passing the thumb very carefully, and getting the first and third beats sufficiently strong. Handel's piece is rather hard, but you may, of course, omit the octaves. It is a study in the art of making the piano sing. You must never let the notes of the melody go before their time; but, on the other hand, avoid running them into each other.

A FINLAND LOVE-SONG.

This beautiful little song, by our esteemed contributor, Miss Reynolds, requires few directions for singing. To begin with, it breathes itself. The principal difficulty is in the middle portion, where the tone must be thin and slightly veiled as a contrast to the fulness and richness of the other parts. The accompaniment is quite as difficult as the voice part, and requires careful study.

THE DANCE FOR VIOLIN.

Not being a professional fiddler, I propose to leave this alone. In our next number full directions will be given for playing, and the remainder of the series.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

Here you have a study in two things: first, to sustain a melody right through a long piece.

and to differentiate the tone of the melody from that of the accompaniment ; and second, to play the arpeggios of that accompaniment with absolute smoothness. It will be seen that the arpeggios are generally divided between the two hands. The easiest way of learning them is to play them without melody and bass, and without using the pedals, until absolute evenness is achieved.

Modern Harmony & Composition.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

LUCKILY, no pedant has yet ventured to compile a text-book of rules for the use of infants who are learning to speak. The babies of England, like babies the world over, may still be observed acquiring the trick of talking by nature's own method of "self-culture." A baby begins to speak because (1) he has the nearly irresistible human tendency to imitate, and (2) he wishes to say something. With these incentives he picks up first one word, then another, and so on until he has a fair vocabulary ; but the reason that he so rapidly learns to use it fluently is that from the beginning he necessarily deals with things, not abstract rules. Endeavour to explain to him that cat is a noun, mew a verb, horribly an adverb, and you will be repulsed ; but the dullest child quickly grasps the fact that it is the cat that mews, not the mew that cats, that it is the sound of the mew, not of the cat, that is horrible, and so on. When he goes to school he is taught the abstract rules that all along he has unconsciously followed.

But while the education of babies is left to nature, all other education is left to the pedant. Everywhere we see him insisting on the student proceeding from abstracts to concretes, instead of in the easiest, because natural, way of concretes to abstracts. The kindergarten system is rescuing young children from the clutches of the pedant ; but he still has full liberty to mar the older student. In music especially he has lorded it for many a long year, with the result that instead of children learning to play an instrument quickly and with pleasure, as they learnt to speak, they generally learn slowly and with pains, and not one in a hundred becomes proficient. What is seen here is still more clearly seen in what is significantly called the "theory of music," whereby is generally meant the art of practical composition. If a student desires to use the language of music, we first teach him the grammar, the abstract rules of composition ; then we set him to speak. Here, we say, are rules devised by the ingenuity of our ancestors, who were wholly ignorant of music ; you must without question accept them, commit them to memory, and apply them in the exercises we set. If you don't do this, you will miss the training that makes us the dull donkeys we are. Terrified at the prospect of exclusion from the Eden of Donkeydom, the student works hard at his rules. He reads that certain things are forbidden by Fux or some other ancient ; that certain chords must be resolved in certain ways, and follow in certain orders ; and so on until he has learnt the laws which some of the ancients saw, or thought they saw, in the works of the masters who preceded them. Next follow double counterpoint, canon, fugue, and form ; and

when, but not before, these are mastered, is the student permitted to compose, to speak the language, to handle the material of music. To proceed in this way to things from abstract rules, instead of handling the things to learn the rules, is bad enough, but not worse than what goes on in the generally prevailing system of education. Where music is worse off is in this—that many of the rules are absolutely false, and most of them entirely useless through extreme antiquity ; that harmony and counterpoint, instead of going together, as they should if they are to serve any useful purpose, are treated as quite different subjects ; that harmony and counterpoint have not the connection with music that grammar has with spoken language, for the exercises are not considered as written for any particular instruments, nor is it pretended, or thought advisable, that they should sound well. These objections have been felt by musicians who are not wholly pedantic. Mr. Ebenezer Prout, for example, has endeavoured to bring the rules up to date by "allowing" this, that, or the other, that is not allowed by Fux or Cherubini. Such half-measures do little to end the divorce between modern counterpoint and modern music. What is called the counterpoint of the masters is frequently music ; but it is the distinctive mark of the pedant that his music is unmistakably counterpoint. And it is from the pedants and not from the masters that the rules are derived. Each of the masters in turn was condemned for breaking the rules of the theorists, and it is true that they habitually and remorselessly broke them. ("This is not allowed," said some one to Beethoven. "I allow it," he replied.) Such rules carry no weight. We may make a clean sweep of them. Even those that are supported by the authority of Handel, Bach, or Mozart, are no more to us than the others. That Mozart one hundred years since wrote in a certain fashion is no reason why you and I should write in that same fashion at the present day. The grammar of Shakespeare's day is not the grammar of this day ; and the growth of language since 1600 is not to be compared with the growth of music since Handel's or even Mozart's time. The pedantic harmony and counterpoint now taught in the schools is of slight use in helping us to acquire the technique of modern composition ; indeed, it is my belief that it is a positive hindrance. In the following chapters on Harmony and Counterpoint, the two, hitherto divorced, will be treated as one indivisible art. Abstractions will be dispensed with : we will consider that we are learning to write for certain voices or instruments. Whatever seems good and useful in the old rules will be retained, and whatever seems untrue or useless will be disregarded. All our rules will be corollaries of the two great commandments of music : (1) Thou shall not write the ugly ; (2) thou shall not write the impossible. The art of composition is nothing more nor less than learning to write what is beautiful, and at the same time not impossible, nor indeed needlessly difficult, to get the greatest effect with the smallest means, the least loss of energy.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST STEP.

No one should study harmony and counterpoint unless he desires to compose. It is said that a knowledge of "theory" helps one to understand the great masters, which is equal to saying that a study of grammar helps one to appreciate Tennyson or Browning. That way, not madness, but dull pedanticism, lies. Not only should you desire to compose before

studying counterpoint,* but you should have tried to compose and actually have felt the need of counterpoint, or of something that will enable you to grapple with certain difficulties that arise. In the opening of the previous chapter I said that a baby learnt to speak because it wants to say something. Every beginner in composition is a baby. In playing a Mozart or Beethoven sonata, in singing or learning a Schubert song, in listening to a Handel chorus or an orchestral piece, he feels an unaccountable desire to write a sonata, or song, or chorus or symphony ; and if he is wise, he will without hesitation try to do so. No sooner will he commence than he will find that he has something to say. What it is he knows not—it is all vague and muddled in his head ; but as he extemporises at the piano, he will gradually feel more and more clearly what it is he wants, and if he perseveres long enough, he will ultimately get a theme or a simple tune, in which he feels that he has expressed himself. The art of composition is knowing what you want to say and how to say it. The two go hand in hand : the thought shapes itself in the expression. At this stage I strongly recommend the beginner to try his untutored hand at songs. You will thus acquire the habit of coming to the point at once, whereas in a sonata you may ramble for 500 bars without saying anything definite ; you will learn the importance, and form the custom, of writing melody, and trusting to that rather than to harmonic effects ; the words will give you a valuable clue to the feeling you want to put into your music ; and last, in a song you are not hampered by the difficulties of form, which will seem at first insuperable.

But whether you try songs, sonatas, symphonies, or choruses, after a time you will come to a standstill. At first, it may be, you will be satisfied only too easily, and in a few months you will laugh at the early productions which seemed to you sublime. But difficulties you did not dream of will arise. You will frequently seem within reach of making your melodies satisfactory, and yet they will not quite come right. You will try this and that, and yet, although there is no actual discord, there is something that jars upon you. The fact is, you are like a painter who cannot draw, and you are finding it out. Just as he may see a beauty in sky and fields and water, which for want of skill in handling brushes and pencil he cannot transfer to his canvas, so you, for want of skill in placing notes in their proper places, cannot catch and fix the beauty that you feel vaguely within you. You must not now think the time you have spent wasted. Every great painter, poet, musician has passed through this stage. Probably every one remembers the instance of Wagner, who endured six months' drudgery at counterpoint, harmony, and fugue to acquire technical mastery. You may possibly say that what sufficed for Wagner will suffice for you. Well, if, gentle reader, you are sure you possess Wagner's genius, and can master the whole subject in six months as he did, off you go : buy Macfarren, Stainer, and the rest—and come back to me when you are convinced (as I am now) that you are not another Wagner. Remember that Wagner knew what he wanted, and I very much doubt whether you do. Let us consider where your difficulty really lies.

No amount of teaching will enable you to make better melodies than you can by Nature. The most beautiful melodies extant are those composed by men who never heard of harmony or counterpoint. But it will be found that little

* Henceforth I use counterpoint to signify counterpoint and harmony combined.

◆◆◆ Sutton Conservatoire of Music. ◆◆◆

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can be done with bare melody and without accompaniment or harmony. By adding appropriate harmony you bring out the latent beauty and character of melody; and this to such a degree that the same melody harmonized in various ways may seem entirely different. It is when harmony is used that the difficulties commence. "Learning to draw" in music is simply learning to adjust melody to harmony and harmony to melody. Precisely analogous to the difficulty of getting lines to lie in certain positions is that of getting notes in the right places. The old counterpoint gives no help in this respect. It shows you how to arrange notes with regard to common chords and "first inversions" (for the suspensions admitted are practically nothing else); but it altogether shirks the task of teaching you to adjust melodies to the "fundamental discords," etc., or these and other modern harmonies to melodies. It is only by hard work in doing this that the stiffness and awkwardness I have mentioned can be removed: that mastery over melody and harmony can be acquired.

(To be continued.)

A lady Principal.

MADAME COSTA is well enough known in the musical world as a singularly able teacher of the piano; but it is not so well known that she has a remarkable gift for organization, which she is at present applying to the development of a music school at Sutton. The suburban population is so very much at the mercy of the musical charlatan that it gave me great pleasure to learn this; and a few weeks since I journeyed Sutton-

wards to see the Conservatoire, and hear Madame Costa's plans with regard to it. A twenty-five minutes' run from Victoria set me down in the High Street of a charming country town. Turning to my right on emerging from the station, the second street on my left was Cheam Road, where the Conservatoire is situate. In a few minutes I was comfortably seated in the secretary's office, which is furnished with desks, book-cases, and ledgers innumerable, besides easy chairs, a fire which was comfortable on a chilly day, and a pussy cat that lay on the mat with the superior air of being the proprietor of the place. Madame Costa, I may say, is a lady whose manner soon puts the hapless and bashful interviewer at ease, and makes him feel less a fool than he does at the beginning of the conversation.

My ordeal commenced when I asked Madame Costa to tell me something about herself: where she was educated, and little *et ceteras* of that sort. She at once responded:—

"Of course I learnt music from various teachers in London, for I lived in Croydon many years. It was not so long ago, however, that I determined to make it my profession, and I then went off to Stuttgart, where I was trained on the Lebert and Stark method, under Professor Dionys Pruckner, to whose artistic influence I owe such success as has attended my efforts. My certificates are for piano, singing, and harmony. They state that I can train the most advanced pupils in piano, and anything less than that in singing and harmony. So you see piano is my special subject."

"Then you train on the Lebert and Stark method here?"

"Of course. More than that, my idea is that every one in this Conservatoire shall teach on that method. To that end I propose gradually

taking in my pupils as sub-profs so that they will hand on to their pupils the principles with which I have imbued them. To an extent that is done already. The professor who teaches the younger pupils here studies with me; and it is only a few days since a lady told me how surprised she was to learn that a pupil of his was not one of mine, as, although but a child, there was the same thing noticeable! I hope in that way to permeate the place with whatever there may be of good in my influence."

"Can you tell me to what means you chiefly trust to push your pupils on?"

"Well, to begin with, I believe in the competition that is bound to go on when the pupils hear each other play. A girl hears another taking a lesson, and thinks, 'I will have to work hard to do as well as that,' and very often she does work hard, and does get on in consequence. Then I have a constant succession of concerts, where the pupils play in the presence of their parents and friends. There are two (afternoon) in the course of each term for the children and those who are not sufficiently advanced to take part in the senior concerts; and two evening concerts for the seniors. Then on every other Wednesday evening there is a concert or entertainment of some sort, so that there is really a fund of life in connection with the Conservatoire to interest the pupils in it and in their work. Of course I give a number of At Homes. But in addition to them I have had Mr. Ames here to play on the Janko keyboard; Mr. Charles Fry and Mr. Frederick de Lara to recite; and on one occasion the professors gave a concert."

"The last," I remarked, "was rather a curious idea, was it not?"

"Some people said so; but I don't think so, and I'll tell you why. Of course you know all the best men gravitate to London, leaving

only men who have no ambition, and are unlikely to infuse much ambition into their pupils. Now I wanted the inhabitants of Sutton to know that they could get exactly the same teaching here as they would get in any of the London schools, so I gave this concert to show them. Here is the programme; you will see that all our professors are men of standing."

I admitted that this was true.

"That's why I gave the concert; and it did what it was intended: it showed that our staff is made up of the best London teachers. You know it seems a little ridiculous to me that young people should have to go all the way to London to get good teaching. They get colds in the bad weather, they miss their lessons if the trains are late, and they spend both time and money needlessly. At least, they used to do that. Now they can come here, get the teaching of London men at most reasonable rates, miss no lessons, and spend no money on train-fares."

Again I had to admit it was all true. It struck me to ask whether there were any means of ensuring that the younger pupils do get all their lessons.

"Oh, yes!" Madame Costa answered. "Look here," and she showed me some cards. One sort is for use by the pupils. They set down how many minutes or hours they have practised, and their parents sign it. On the other kind the professors mark the lessons they give, and if a pupil is away too frequently, the parents are communicated with. I may say here that young children have special advantages: there are probationers' classes, where short lessons suited to their little heads are given on the most moderate terms. Older pupils can attend an ingeniously arranged sight-reading class. There are, of course, harmony, musical dictation, voice production, concerted playing, sight-singing, and other classes. Nor must I forget the two orchestras: one on Friday afternoons for young people, and one in the evening for older people. A choral society is also in process of formation. Then those who want to be examined can be examined—amongst the examiners are Mr. J. F. Barnett, Mr. MacCunn, and Mr. Berthold Tours—and scholarships for piano playing and singing are being arranged.

After all these things were explained to me, I was shown over the institution. The Conservatoire stands in its own grounds, and is a handsome building. The various teaching rooms are large; each has glass doors; each has its one or two grand pianos, for there isn't a "cottage" on the premises. The special children's room is at the top of the building, and a jolly room it is. I was amazed on being led into the concert hall. No one would suspect that such a magnificent room was secreted at the back of the house. It seats 180, and has a platform large enough to take a fair orchestra. When not required for concerts, it is used as an art-room. This rather surprised me, and I turned to Madame Costa for an explanation.

"Yes," she said, "the Art section is an important part of the Conservatoire. Mr. Alfred Emslie is examiner, and Mr. John F. Bacon, the well-known artist, is our head-teacher. There are classes for elementary outline and shading, drawing from the antique, drawing from life, landscape painting, animal painting, and a number of pupils study modelling in clay."

Madame Costa showed me some work of the last-named sort done by children of ten and eleven respectively, and I must own that I blushed to think that youngsters should achieve so much when all I can do is to cut heads out of a turnip. I had hardly recovered before I learnt that languages were taught, for Madame Costa rightly thinks these of the last importance both for singers and players. The former may have

to sing in them, and the latter will certainly need them if they go abroad. After I had played on the splendid two-manual organ, it was time to go. One point more remained to be ascertained.

"You haven't been here very long?" I asked.

"It's just a year since I bought the Conservatoire," was the reply.

"And you are satisfied with your progress?"

"Quite. I have received sufficient encouragement to proceed with the Conservatoire until it is a much larger and more important institution than it is yet."

So, wishing Madame Costa all the success she deserves, I said good-bye and left. Sutton will be, like the law, "a-hass," if it does not appreciate what she offers it.

Our Quartette Party.

(Continued from page 58.)

OUR main difficulty at the last meeting was to get our tones balanced," said Mr. Violin; "and that is the difficulty

I suppose of all beginners in the art of quartet. I think we must do our level best this time to get into touch with each other. It is more than a hundred years ago since Rousseau was surprised to find that too much clavichord weakened the effect of a large orchestra, and it's at least ten since I discovered that too many altos in a chorus resulted in the music being robbed of all its richness of tone; and in the same way one part of our quartet, if it stands out too prominently, makes our playing thin and somewhat harsh. I don't want to be personal, but I fancied that a certain part was too loud always."

"I noticed it myself," said Mr. Cello drily.

"Well, never mind who it was," replied Mr. Violin, rather uneasily it must be owned; "let us learn to feel exactly how much more each of us must contribute to a given degree of *piano*, *forte*, or *mezzo-forte*, and try not to give more or less than our share. I've noticed at the Pops that Becker, who plays too loud, and Gibson, who plays too soft, can each ruin a quartet with fair success. Let's get along with the Beethoven No. 1, and try to do better."

"I wish some people wouldn't talk so much," says Miss V., petulantly, but aside.

These little amenities over, they commence upon the Scherzo. After some discussion it is decided that about $P=72$ is the pace; but they find it so terribly fast that something gentler serves them at first. Mr. V. insists on them taking the first chord softly but firmly, and with a certain "bite."

"In fact," says he, "you will notice that each two bar length must be attached in that way, and the whole section must be played *crescendo* and the unslurred notes *staccato*. That is to get contrast to the first bars of the next second, where you will note that two three bar lengths occur."

They have a good deal of difficulty with the *pianissimo staccato* passage that commences at the bottom of page 20, and leads to the resumption of the first subject. Viola insists that the phrase from which the passage is developed, being the first bar for Cello of the Scherzo, should have been considerably more accentuated, so that listeners may recognise it again at its recurrence. Cello is instantly excited.

"It's the very essence of chamber music," says he, "that it's meant to give pleasure to the

performers rather than to an audience, and Beethoven knew that quite well. That passage is not meant to be a purple patch evolved from the insignificant first phrase; it is meant to take back neatly to the first theme; and the phrase is simply used because in the first place it comes in neatly, and secondly, being the bass of the first theme it welds the two parts together."

On the whole Cello seems right, and as he has the matter in his own hands, he is allowed to have his own way. So on they go, making a little *ritard* at the magnificent *legato* passage near the finish, and burst almost in a *presto* during the last four bars.

The trio is managed first-rate, and, to tell the truth, it is easy. It is obvious, though, that Violin I. has practised those long *legato* semi-quaver scale-passages very carefully, for he gets them "smooth as oil," with all the *sforzandos* nicely marked.

With the finale they have at first little difficulty. They have, however, to stop before they can get Viola to sufficiently accentuate the first note of the phrase—



"Don't be afraid of using plenty of bow," says Mr. Violin. At the passage later on just the contrary is the difficulty,—



for Miss Violin wants to give her A an accent that would hopelessly destroy the beauty of the passage. Then at the bottom of page 24 they agree to "chip" out each *staccato* note with the heel of the bow, double *forte*, to get a sufficient contrast to the *piano legato* passages that follow. For some time there is little difficulty until they get to the next theme,—



the first rendering of which arouses Cello's wrath.

"You play far too loud," he angrily observes to Mr. Violin; "and you—you play far too soft," he adds, to Miss Violin.

"I'm glad to find somebody can play soft enough to please you," snarls Violin I.; but Cello insists on being heard. He declares that the plaint of the second violin should sound through the top part with the expression that I have here indicated; and that Violin I. shall play very gently and make a *crescendo* through the first bar and *diminuendo* through the second. "And," he adds, "your E flat and the next D, should be cut down almost to semi-quavers, otherwise you spoil the passage."

But Mr. Violin is contrite. He has seen his mistake; and though Miss V. doesn't quite see why she should make *crescendo* and *diminuendo* where none are marked, she is overruled, and all goes well.

The fugal passage past, the remainder of the movement is mainly repetition—not, indeed, of the slavish sort; but the same phrases occur, the same expression is required, and the same technique is required. So there is nothing further to report of that evening's experiences.

(To be continued.)

Has Bach become obsolete?

— : o : —

MR. WILLIAM APTHORP, the well-known American critic, thinks he has, or at any rate that, to some extent, he ought to have. Here is what he has to say on the subject, and *abrepros* of the B minor Bach Suite played recently by the Boston Symphony Orchestra :

"It is so good to hear almost anything by Sebastian Bach that when one of his works figures on a programme one inclines somewhat to take it as a gift horse, not to be looked in the mouth. Yet there are considerations which should not quite be passed over in silence. A whole suite by Bach, whether for piano or orchestra, is a pretty large dose to take at once. With all that is great and immortal in the master's works, there are also things in them which time and the development of music since his day have thrown into obsolescence; and even the sincerest Bach lover, perhaps he more than any one else, ought to wish these things wholly obsolete, buried for good and all."

"We should not forget one important element in the relations between his music and the public—the enormous leisureliness of life, both social and artistic, in his day, compared with the push and bustle of our modern life. His was the time when people could stand, and were glad to enjoy huge doses of one and the same thing; they had time and to spare, and no doubt a good deal of it lay heavy on their hands; the comparative absence of acute excitement from their lives made them proportionately impervious to boredom; two-hour sermons, well-nigh endless arias, suites of seven or eight numbers all in the same key did not make them think of yawning. But we of to-day are otherwise constituted; we cannot well stand so much of the same thing at a sitting; our artistic sense craves more variety and contrast. We may take just as keen delight in a Bach aria as listeners did a hundred years ago; but enough is as good as a feast, and we resent that eternal *da capo*, in which a long first part is repeated without variations. We cut down Bach's and Handel's *da capo* nowadays to its smallest practicable limits, and with no injury either to the form or spirit of their airs."

"In the same way a suite of seven or eight pieces connected together by no link of internal musical necessity, no one of them growing out of nor ideally developed from any of the others, and all of them in the same key—this sort of thing is a direct slap in the face, not only to our present musical habits, but to our highest and best musical instincts. It is the musical counterpart of the old two-hour sermon; we do not enjoy it. We remember one of the most ardent, whole-souled, and enlightened Bach lovers the world ever knew saying one day that he 'could imagine no more infernal bore than listening to the *whole* of a Bach suite at a sitting.' And what a high priest of the Bach cult rejects as too much is hardly wholesome food for the musical public at large. Of the seven numbers composing the B minor suite Mr. Pauer cut out the minuet (one page of full score), but he gave all the rest unflinchingly, and it certainly was too much of a good thing. Three numbers would have been enough."

"Another consideration of unspeakable importance in the present case is the condition in which Bach left his scores. The *continuo* of the B minor suite is very elaborately figured all

through, showing that every number was intended by the composer to have an organ or clavichord accompaniment. In some places an accompaniment in full harmony is absolutely indispensable; passages here and there in the fugue of the first movement, in the second Bourrée, and the whole *double* of the polonaise need to be filled out. The suite was given without any accompaniment whatever, the bare places above referred to sounding as unlike Bach as possible. Otherwise the plan on which the suite was given—with two and sometimes three flutes to counterbalance the large mass of strings—was excellent."

In the Back Office.

— : o : —

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Here's a pretty go !
(But no one taketh the slightest notice.)

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—We're certainly ruined. I shall emigrate. I guess I'll turn Zulu or Matabele, or something like that, and go without clothes, and fight against the English in revenge, and—

OUR IDEALIST.—And get your precious brains blown out I hope, and not worry us any more with your incessant babble.

THE CYNIC.—Say what the trouble is, and make an end on't.

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Listen ! "Some time since the *Musical Herald* sent out a commissioner who stayed several days at each of the great Public Schools, caught the spirit of the place, and produced a series of valuable and original articles on the music of each school. The *Magazine of Music* is now publishing a series of similar articles, which are almost entirely paraphrased from the *Musical Herald*, and are evidently mere arm-chair productions. Occasionally when appropriating the information collected by our commissioner, 'a recent writer' is referred to, but generally there is no acknowledgment whatever."

THE CYNIC.—Well—what of that ?

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Don't you think it a very serious charge ?

THE CYNIC.—Depends entirely upon who makes it.

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Why the *Musical Herald*, of course.

THE CYNIC.—Of course, I might have known it; who else would have spoken of anything that has ever appeared in the *Musical Herald* as "valuable and original?" However, since the *Musical Herald* makes it, I don't consider it such a very serious charge. Let me see the thing.

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—I'm certain that we are ruined. We had better shut up at once and turn pirates, or bush-rangers, or gold-diggers, or some other honest occupation, which won't land us in for charges of this sort.

THE CYNIC.—My boy, I'm afraid your younger brother edits this thing. If you weren't occupied in the more honourable work of addressing wrappers and carrying parcels—

THE JUNIOR CLERK (*hotly*).—I never carry parcels: the office boy does that.

THE CYNIC.—Pardon—I withdraw parcels; but have you a younger brother ?

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Yes, but—

THE CYNIC.—You have? then that settles it. Now when you go home, will you tell your little brother, from me, to be very particular on the following points, if he wishes to be a successful editor: first, before charging another journal with stealing his articles, let him be sure that the articles are stolen. In the present case a

little inquiry would have shown him that our articles on music in the public schools are by a well-known writer, who has visited the schools, and when possible interviewed the music-masters. Then you might tell him that his front-page articles are too much alike, and his answers to correspondents pedantic to the point of foolishness. Again, in his February issue—

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—But my brother,—

THE CYNIC.—Never mind excuses; I know he's young; an experienced man would never do these things. Tell him I note that in his February issue he devotes over a page to juvenile concerts. If his readers like that, so much the better for him—and the worse for them. But I note that he mentions the names of only the publications of his own firm. Thus, I read :—

"PERTH.—The pupils of Sharp's Educational Institution have given a Christmas cantata with great spirit, under Mr. D. H. Christie's direction; and the same conductor's select choir has given concerts in the City Hall, Perth, and the Temperance Hall, Stanley."

And again :—

"CASTLE DOUGLAS.—A 'kinderoperette' was the attraction which filled the Town Hall when a choir of children, conducted by Mr. J. D. Hunter, appeared."

And I see that the names of the "cantata" and "kinderoperette" are not mentioned—because, I presume, they are not published by the firm which owns the *Musical Herald*. I note also that the works whose names are given are published by that firm. Tell him that is pulling down journalism to a very low level indeed.

OUR CRITIC (*who has entered during this harangue*).—What's the matter ?

THE CYNIC.—Nothing. The *Musical Herald* says we have got some of the bones for our articles in their columns.

OUR CRITIC.—It's little else than bones we'll get there—and very dry ones at that !

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Then you don't think it serious?

THE CYNIC.—Yes, for your little brother.

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Not for us? That's better. I'm glad the Magazine ain't going to stop. I don't know, though; it would be jolly if we could all turn pirates or bushrangers !

MADAME FANNY MOODY and Mr. Charles Manners sang in Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and in Niels Gade's *Crusaders*, when these works were performed by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, on Thursday, March 15. The local press seem unanimous in giving both of these talented artists the very highest praise. Madame Moody's powerfully dramatic rendering of the "Inflammatus," and Mr. Manners' singing of the music allotted to Peter the Hermit in *The Crusaders*, are especially mentioned as rousing the enthusiasm of audiences accustomed to the high artistic level of festival concerts.

THE Bach Choir have decided to give another performance next year (the week preceding Holy Week) of Bach's Passion Music, at the Queen's Hall, to meet the wishes of those persons who were unable to obtain admission at the performance of the work on Thursday last.

We should have mentioned that the portrait of Mrs. Albert Barker, in our last issue, was taken from an excellent photograph by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, photographer to the Queen and Royal Family generally.

MR. G. AUGUSTUS HOLMES, Director of Examinations of the London College of Music, who has for some time past been seriously ill from the effects of pneumonia, is now able to resume his duties.



The Organ World.



QUANTITY VERSUS QUALITY.

It is a common complaint amongst congregations that organists play too loudly; and very often, and in a sense, the congregations are right. I am not thinking of the cases where pure lack of artistic instinct is to blame. Instances of this sort are, of course, only too common, and most London organists know or knew of a certain well-advertised gentleman who plays in a West End church, and on the slightest provocation, or none at all, drowns his choir in an intolerable crash of noisy reeds. But I refer to organists of fairly strong artistic instinct, who wish to make their services a pleasure to all that listen. They hear it said that they play too loudly, and if they are inexperienced they try to get along with less sound. What is the result? Simply that the choirs get out of tune, and the congregations get out of time, and the latter are no better pleased than before.

The real evil is not that organists play too loudly, but that organs are become too "shouty." The modern craze to use everything for a wrong purpose has reached the organ. The Meister-Glee Singers must needs imitate the banjo; pianists, of course, must play orchestral and organ music; and organists are trying their very hardest to turn their organs into a mixture of a brass and a toy band. No instrument is complete without its *vox humana*, *clarinet*, *orchestral oboe*, and *flute*, which can be used to imitate the skylark or other sweet warbler. The consequence is that there is no money left to spend on plenty of diapason work, and the builders, in despair, compensate for the lack of tone by putting in noisy stops; shrieking *principals*, *trumpets*, *horns*, *fifteenth*s, and *mixtures*. Such stops merely deafen; yet if choir and congregation are to be kept in time and tune, they must be used, for the diapasons are of small scale, and afford no support to voices. The modern craze is giving us noise at the expense of tone.

And it must be remembered that hand in hand with this modern craze goes another: the desire to have things cheap—and nasty. The churchwardens usually have a great deal to say when an organ is built, and they generally insist that it shall have as many stops as may be bought for the money. The organist sees that his pet *vox angelica* and what not are there, and lets them have their way. Thus are our modern organs gaining in quantity at the expense of quality.

Surely it is time that we took a cut back to the fine, round-toned diapasons of fifty years ago. Everywhere we see organs building whose *jörle* is like the crash of a thunderbolt coming through the roof; were it not well to change that for instruments which would never cease to be musical?

ORGAN NOTES.

After many sad vicissitudes, including some years of exposure to the friendly visits of thieves, rain, and wind, the unhappy organ of the Albert Palace is going to a church near Lochness. Unfortunately the church doesn't happen to be built yet; but part of it is, and in that part the organ has been packed away by Messrs. Bishop & Son. Some day the church may be completed, and solemn mass will be accompanied by the instrument which has often delighted the coster with the strains of the latest music-hall ditty.

* * *

On the 13th ult. Mr. G. T. Pinches and the Rev. A. E. Whish gave an interesting organ and violin recital in Mr. Shuttleworth's church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. Their programme included a sonata for organ and violin by Mozart, and a nocturne for the

same instruments by Hanslitt. Mr. Whish, it may be mentioned, is Vicar of St. Barnabas' Church, Kentish Town, N.W., and in addition to numerous oratorio and cantata performances runs a series of organ recitals on Saturday evenings, at some of which he not only plays his fiddle, but has been known to sing.

* * *

Mr. Alexandre Guilmant was 57 years old on Monday, March 10. His first appointment was to the Church of St. Joseph's, Boulogne, when 16 years old; and he was 34 when he became organist of La Trinité. He played in Hampstead Parish Church on Wednesday, March 14.

* * *

The organ recitals at the Bow and Bromley Institute are as regular in their way as the Pops. On Saturday, March 17, Mr. Guilmant played there, the Lothbury male voice choir assisting him to make the evening agreeable. Details have not come to hand at the moment of going to press.

* * *

On February 27 Mr. Walter Attersoll gave a selection from *St. Paul*, in All Saints' Church, South Lambeth. He had large choir of 100 voices. Mr. Henry Dart took the organ, the other instruments being trombones and trumpet. The soloists were Miss Fullerton Bell, Mr. A. Adams, and Mr. C. Rolfe. Mr. Attersoll is an enthusiastic musician, of whom good things may be expected in the immediate future.

* * *

I have frequently heard Mr. J. M. Preston, organist of St. George's Church, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, hold forth on the organ; and it gives me pleasure to see that the local critics—although many of them are organists—write in praise of his latest achievement—a piano and organ recital combined. The *Newcastle Journal*, of which Mr. Lloyd, Mus. Bac., is critic, says:—

"To those who know anything at all about music, a mere perusal of this programme will at once convey an idea of the difficult task which Mr. Preston set himself, and it is with pleasure and no small degree of pride that we are able to say that an artist and musician resident in our midst performed such a task in a manner which probably could not have been equalled by more than half-a-dozen (if so many) musicians in this or any other country."

* * *

I trust THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will not be charged with thieving: for the sake of the information it conveys, I cull the following paragraph from the *Musical News*:—

"R. B. writes:—'As Dudley Buck's organ sonatas have been under notice in your Correspondence column, will you kindly permit me to call attention to the same composer's 'Four Tone Pictures,' for the benefit of those of your readers who may desire to have good specimens of American-organ music. These are very suitable for recital purposes, and each has a verse motto, which the composer suggests should be printed on the programme.'"

* * *

On March 3, Dr. Alan Gray gave an organ recital in Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge; his programme being:—

Fantasia in D minor	Alan Gray.
Prelude	Silas.
Overture to <i>Coriolanus</i>	Beethoven.
Cantilene in F	Rheinberger.
Nocturne (from <i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i>)	Mendelssohn.
Passacaglia	Bach.

* * *

The Rev. S. A. Griffiths, Vicar of Christ Church, Endell Street, is an enterprising clergyman, who has done much to provide good music for a very poor neighbourhood. On March 12 he had at his church Mr. Bennett Kaye, and for vocalists Mrs. Creyke, Miss Longland, Miss Sergeant, and Messrs. Longland, Minors, Jode, and Raynham; and they went agreeably through an interesting programme.

* * *

Mr. Silas, who has composed a quantity of good organ-music, is now an old man. He spends much of his time in the reading-room of the British Museum, where his red Turkey cap is as well known as is his music amongst musicians.

* * *

The organ in Queen's Hall, Langham Place, is one of the finest in London. It is by the firm of Messrs. Hill & Son. The case was designed by the architect of the hall, Mr. T. E. Knightley. An "impression" of the inside of the hall in our January issue gives a fair notion of the appearance of the organ. It possesses four manuals, fifty-four speaking stops, and ten couplers, besides numerous combination pistons and pedals. It is blown by a gas-engine. Every stop "runs though,"—that is, is of full compass,—and most of the pipes are of the best spotted metal.

* * *

A fire broke out on the premises of the Hope-Jones Electric Organ Co., Ltd., Birkenhead, about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 17th ult. The fire was promptly extinguished, though not until it had destroyed portions of the organs for Sir Gervas Glyn, Bart., St. Peter's Church, Lincoln, the Concert Classiques, Marseilles, and other instruments. The damage, which is estimated at about £600, is covered by insurance. The machinery was got running and the factory into full working order by Monday morning.

* * *

Mr. Best has been compelled, by the precarious state of his health, to resign the post of Organist to the Liverpool Corporation. That august body thereupon passed the following resolution:—"That the Council receives with very great regret the resignation of Mr. William Thomas Best, Corporation Organist, who, during the long period of upwards of thirty-eight years, has presided at the organ in St. George's Hall, and that the eminent position which he holds in his profession has caused his official connection with the Municipality to reflect honour upon the city, and he carries with him into his retirement the thanks of the Council for his valuable and highly-appreciated services, and also their sincere hope that rest from professional work may result in Mr. Best's complete restoration to health."

* * *

A retiring pension of £240 has been given to Mr. Best, and as he is already on the civil list, and has had as much work as he could do, and on his own terms, it cannot be said that he is not provided for. Compared with the incomes of any of the great composers—Bach, Mozart, Hadyn, Beethoven, even Handel and Wagner—Mr. Best is indeed wealthy. A certain musical weekly, which is endeavouring to make music a close corporation, complains that he is not well treated; but the truth is that big salaries and big pensions are at present the curse of English art.

* * *

The tastes of Mr. George Geaussen, principal and part-proprietor of the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music, are eclectic, not to say uncertain. But one cannot complain if he never does worse than on 10th of last month, when he had Dr. Creser to play the organ at a Saturday afternoon concert, and Mrs. Creser to sing. Dr. Creser is by no means a first-rate organist from a technical point of view, but his sympathies are wide, and in his programmes he gets well outside the beaten track. Mrs. Creser is a most graceful singer, and pleased greatly with her interpretations of songs by Saint-Saëns, Balfe, and Grieg.

JUBAL (JUNIOR).

A CERTAIN weekly contemporary advises its readers on any subject connected with music. Here is a specimen of the advice:—"W. F. S.—Will you kindly tell me the best method by which one can learn to keep the tongue down in the mouth and the throat open when singing high notes?—Use a spoon or a paper knife."

Oxford.

LENT TERM, 1894.

— :o: —

WITH the commencement of this term we have great pleasure in announcing a new Music Shop and Pianoforte Warehouse, under the experienced management of Messrs. Sydney Acott & Co. Mr. Acott is well known in Oxford, having been at Messrs. Russell's for over sixteen years as their manager. We wish him great success in his undertaking.

The first Concert took place on January 24, in the New Schools, before a large audience. Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Watkin Mills began with Cooke's well-known duet, "Love and War," their excellent rendering eliciting an encore, the last verse being repeated. Mr. Ben Davies sang Blumenthal's "Requital," and in response to the inevitable encore gave "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"; in the second part of the programme Mr. Davies sang a new song by Moir, "The Sunlit Highway," which was enthusiastically received.

Mr. Mills, a general favourite amongst Oxford concert-goers, met with equal success, in a powerful rendering of Gounod's "She alone charmeth my sadness," obtained an encore in the Scotch song, "Here's to the year that's awa." Later on in the evening Mr. Mills was heard to advantage in Bevan's "Flight of Ages," and "The Yeoman's Wedding."

Miss Evangeline Florence created quite a furore in a brilliant Recitative and Aria from Handel's "Alessandro," and as an encore the Irish song, "The gap of the hedge at Kenmare"; Miss Florence also gave an excellent rendering of F. Corbett's "Butterflies."

Miss Nellie Rowe—her first appearance in Oxford—was well received in two songs, (1) "L'esclave" (Lalo), (2) "Still as the Night" (Bohm). Miss Rowe possesses a rich contralto voice; her style is quiet and free from any affectation. In the second part of the programme Miss Rowe sang Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura" with great taste. Mlle. Marguerite Viller sang two songs, (1) "Invocation," accompanying herself on the harp, Mrs. Lavington playing the violin obligato; (2) Goring Thomas, "Winds in the Trees." Herr Benne Schönberger, an accomplished musician, gained a well-deserved encore for the brilliant rendering of Schubert's "Fantasie," Op. 15. His second solo was (1) "Prelude," Mendelssohn; (2) "Capriccio," Brahms; (3) "Valse," Chopin. The programme ended with Flotow's "Spinning Quartett." Mr. George Clutsam ably fulfilled the duties of accompanist.

A Pianoforte and Violin Recital was given by Mr. F. Dawson and Mrs. Langston. The following was the programme:

Sonata in A minor (piano and violin) ... Schumann.

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|--------------------------|--|
| a. Valse, A flat, Op. 34 | |
| b. " C sharp minor | |
| c. " D flat | |
| d. Etude in F ... | |
| e. " F minor | |
| f. " C | |
| g. Berceuse | |
| h. Polonaise, A flat | |
- Chopin.

Pianoforte Solo ... "Romance" ... Svendsen.

Romantische Stücke (Piano and Violin, Op. 75)

Dvorak.

- | | | |
|---|--|-------------|
| a. La Fileuse | | Raff. |
| b. Octave Study | | |
| c. " Etincelles" (Morceau caractéristique)... | | Moszkowski. |
| d. Staccato Caprice | | Vogrich. |
| e. Rhapsodie Hongroise | | Liszt. |

Sonate in D (Violin and Piano) ... Beethoven.

That Mr. Dawson is an excellent musician is unquestionable; he possesses all the refinements of expression necessary to an artist of his ability. His exquisite rendering of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," roused the audience to enthusiasm.

The Meister Glee Singers again visited Oxford on February 15, and delighted the audience with their fine part singing. They were heard to advantage in "My golden love," Sullivan's "Long day closes."

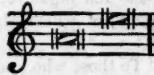
For an encore a very amusing part-song was given, "The Boy and the Tack." Their rendering of Lennep's "Old folks at home," with banjo accompaniment (imitation), was vociferously encored, "Lovely Nell" being the encore. Miss Kate Cove sang Bishop's "Should he upbraid" and Cowen's "Promise of Life." Miss Meredith Elliott, who was suffering from a severe cold, gave "Asthore," and Behrend's "Gift." Miss Cove and Miss Elliott sang Blumenthal's "Venetian Boat Song" in a refined manner. Each of the "Meisters" sang solos, Mr. Norcross being chiefly noticeable in "The Norseman," by Ervini; and also Mr. Sexton's rendering of "Kitty of Coleraine." Madame Hast was the pianist and accompanist; her solos were:

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|--|
| (1) "Les étoiles filantes" ... Mattei. |
| (2) Berceuse Chopin. |
| (3) Bourrée Silas. |

On February 22 a Pianoforte and Violin Recital was given by Miss Muriel Elliott and M. Emile Sauret; this was the introduction of this French violinist to an Oxford audience, and a fine reception was given him. M. Sauret charmed the audience in his rendering of Beethoven's duet for piano and violin, "Sonata in C minor" (Op. 20, no. 2), and also in a "Concerto in A minor," Vieuxtemps'. In the second part of the programme, Wieniawski's "Fantasia on Russian Airs" was given a perfect rendering, and also a pretty "Canzona." Miss Muriel Elliott played:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| a. Chromatic Fantasia | Bach. |
| b. Variations on a ground bass | Purcell. |
| c. Toccatta | W. S. Bennett. |
- In the second part, her solos were:
- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| a. Variations in F minor | Haydn. |
| b. Ballad in F | ... Chopin. |
| c. Etude | Liszt. |

Miss Elliott is a refined pianist, her style of execution, it is true, perhaps being at times a little harsh and not very sympathetic.



Music in Portsmouth.

— :o: —

THE Portsmouth Orchestral Society, under the leadership of their enthusiastic conductor, Mr. W. E. Churcher, gave an excellent concert at the Thorngate Hall, Gosport, on Thursday evening, March 1, in aid of the Hospital Funds. The disagreeable weather alone was responsible for the vacant seats. The Society contributed six items, Beethoven's Symphony in B flat being most successful. Masters W. A. Gough, Edward Wood, and Frank Campbell displayed the result of careful training in their vocalization. Mr. Matthew Lewis was loudly applauded for his violin solo. Miss Ranson acted as accompanist.

Some 300 Board school children packed the Town Hall at their concert in aid of the Free Breakfast movement, the principal conductors being Messrs. Rule and Williams.

Music has been in full swing at the Clarence Pier, Ethel Bevans, Franklin Clive, Ethel Winn, Sutton Shepley, Florence Bethell, and Herbert Schartan (humorist), supplying the talent in conjunction with the R. M. L. I. Band, under Mr. Geo. Miller.

Mr. Laurence Kellie among others has rejoiced the tastes of H. A. Storry's patrons at the Portland Hall, his renderings of "The City of Night" and "Douglas Gordon" giving great pleasure.

The Town Hall Saturday night Concerts are more popular if possible than ever. Mlle. Noemi Lorenzo, E. King, Maud Baker, Bates Maddison, and the String Band and Pipers of the Camerons played to overflowing audiences.

Mr. W. E. Green's noted Temperance Choir will render on Good Friday, Gaul's *Holy City*, and Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm ("Like as the hart"), at the Lake Road Chapel. M. H.

Berlin.

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DURING the past month the long promised new operas have been produced at the Royal Opera House: Leoncavallo's *Die Medici*, and Verdi's *Falstaff*. The latter was given here three or four times last June, with the entire cast imported from the Milan Opera House, and of course was given in Italian. The reappearance of the opera now is given with the soloists of the Berlin Opera House, and naturally the entire opera is sung in German.

In this, his last opera, Verdi shows more than ever the Wagner influence in his writing for the orchestra; but, as you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, it seems almost impossible for Verdi to accomplish more than a second or third-rate imitation of Wagner. Verdi's reputation was made, and will always depend, upon his two most popular operas, *Traviata* and *Trovatore*, and these were written forty years ago. But one cannot help but admire the pluck of an old man, eighty years of age, attempting to achieve additional fame by writing operas at his age. But Verdi, as an imitator, will never attain the fame that Verdi the originator acquired; and it is one of the delusions of genius or old age that he is not able to comprehend this fact. *Die Medici* is the first opera of a trilogy, which Leoncavallo purposes to write upon the early history of Florence. The Berlin critics seem to be evenly divided upon its merits, which is one of the best recommendations a new work can have. It is one of the baneful results for a composer who has written a successful opera, to have his following works compared to his first, and in this respect Leoncavallo has not escaped. Time, the critic of all ages, will decide the question which appears to be too difficult for the Berlin critics to settle.

Smetana's opera, *Die Verkaufte Braut*, and Becker's *Frauenlob*, are announced to appear shortly at the Opera House.

The ninth Symphony concert of the Opera House orchestra, on March 9, produced Schumann's B flat and Goldmark's *Country Wedding* symphonies, together with Beethoven's *Consecration*, and Smetana's *Die Verkaufte Braut* overtures. The latter, which was given at one of the previous concerts, was repeated, by universal request, at this concert, and was most vociferously received.

Madame Albani appeared here in concert at the Sing-Academy on Feb. 20, and made a most favourable impression on the usually critical Berlin audience. It was much to be regretted that she could not be heard in more than one concert, and also have the support of a full orchestra instead of the cold and lifeless accompaniment of the piano.

Amalie Joachim, and her daughter Marie, appeared in concert together at the Philharmonic on Feb. 26, and the programme consisted of solos for both, and duets. Although the daughter has a fine natural voice, combined with a most exquisite technique, acquired from her mother, yet it is more than doubtful if she will ever attain to the position which her mother has so long and artistically held before the public.

The Berlin Liedertafel, one of the best of the many Männerchor in Berlin, gave a concert at the Garnison Kirche, under A. Zander's direction, on Feb. 24, at which some very interesting old Netherland folk-songs, composed by Adrianus Valerius, were sung. It is a pity that more of these old compositions are not brought before the public—for the purpose of instruction, at least, if not for pleasure.

The news of Von Bülow's death was most severely felt in Berlin, for it was here that he did most of his important work during the last years of his life, notably in conducting the special series of Philharmonic orchestral concerts each winter. During the past month there has been a continuous succession of concerts given in his memory, the most notable of which was the invitation concert given by the Philharmonic orchestra and chorus, held on Friday noon, March 9. The regular weekly concert of the Philharmonic orchestra occurring after his death had a special programme prepared in his memory, which included the "Trauer-March" from *Götterdämmerung*.

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and Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony with its celebrated funeral march. The ninth concert of the series, which it was intended that Von Bülow should direct, had his health permitted it, was given March 5, and consisted of the *Leonore* overture No. 2, from Beethoven, the Spanish symphony for violin and orchestra, by Lalo, played by Carl Hallir, and the Dramatic symphony of Rubinstein's No. 4 in D minor, the last under the personal direction of the composer. It is a rare privilege and pleasure to hear this wonderful man conduct one of his own works, and although as a conductor he is not as great as Von Bülow was, yet he possesses a personal magnetism which never fails to inspire the orchestra and to arouse the enthusiasm of his audience.

On March 12, Stern's Chorus gave the last of the Von Bülow memorial concerts, under Prof. Gernsheim's direction, at the Philharmonic. The programme had but two numbers: Von Bülow's *Funerale* for full orchestra, and Verdi's *Requiem* for soli, chorus, and orchestra. The *Funerale* proved Von Bülow to be more of a composer than he was credited to be, and the work created a most favorable impression. The *Requiem* of Verdi is a beautiful composition as music, but as religious music, and especially for a requiem, the composition is far from reaching one's ideal. It is somewhat of a coincidence that his latest opera and his *Requiem* should be heard within a few days of each other in Berlin. But there are many strange occurrences in connection with the musical life of Berlin. Why is it that two of the leading choruses here, whose members are mostly Jews and whose directors are Jews, almost invariably select Christian subjects for their concert numbers, and generally the most solemn of all, like this *Requiem*, besides Masses and Oratorios? Why is it that a Protestant, John Seb. Bach, living in a Protestant country, should have written the finest Roman Catholic Mass ever written, that in B minor; while Verdi, living in the very home of Roman Catholicism, and presumably a Roman Catholic himself, succeeds in accomplishing nothing more than putting the words of the Mass to operatic music? Why is it that in this Protestant city of Berlin one can hear all the great Roman Catholic Masses in concert, but can hardly ever hear the great Protestant Oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, or the Cantatas of Bach? These thoughts were occasioned by hearing Bach's B minor Mass, at the Sing-Academy, under Herr Blümmer's direction, on March 10, and then on March 12 hearing Verdi's *Requiem*. It was exceedingly unfortunate for the requiem that it came so soon after the Bach Mass, or that it followed it at all, for the grand, inspiring choruses and fugues of the Bach number made the choruses of Verdi appear weaker than they really were.

D'Albert gave a piano recital at the Philharmonic on March 2, and the programme opened with Beethoven and closed with Liszt, an arrangement which is looked upon here as catering too much for the popular taste, and it seems surprising that D'Albert, aware of the sentiment existing here in regard to such a programme, should have deliberately arranged and played it.

INSLOW.

Correspondence.

BRITAS HAY,
ST. HELEN'S,
LANCASHIRE,

February 27, 1894.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—In the January number of your splendid MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, in the article on the much-esteemed Manchester Teacher, Mr. Horton Allison, the following appears:—"This is believed to be the only diploma and prize of this foundation awarded to any Englishman." As I received a prize and diploma at Easter, 1890, I shall esteem it a favour if you will kindly insert this. No doubt Dr. Allison will be glad to hear that other Englishmen have

followed his good example at the Leipzig Conservatorium.

I am,
Faithfully yours,
JAMES EDMUNDSON.

52, BRANDVORWERK ST., I. R.,
LEIPZIG,

March 4, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—Your readers may be interested in an account of Mr. Ben Davies' concert given here at the end of last month. It is not only the concert, but also a very laughable incident arising out of it, that induces me to send you a few particulars. For some unexplained reason the very large concert hall was nearly empty.

Most people did not seem to know much about the singer, and, as the prices were rather high, stayed away in consequence. In doing so they missed a great treat. It was the best singing I have heard in this city since I have been here—one year and a half. I have heard Mr. Davies sing better, but it was a treat to hear pure tone, after the customary distressing wibble-wobble one hears in Germany. It is not necessary to mention Mr. Ben Davies' selections, as, with the exception of "Waft her, Angels," they were of the better kind of modern commonplace ballad. Encores and enthusiasm prevailed as the English and American colony turned out in pretty considerable numbers. With Mr. Johannes Wolff, whom I have never heard before, I was delighted. He was "just grand," as I heard an American put it. His most important numbers were the Kreutzer and Grieg's 3rd (C minor, Op. 45) sonatas. The latter was splendidly played. Grieg was amongst the audience, and, judging by appearances, seemed quite pleased. Herr Plowitz played the piano part, and also "did" the accompaniments, and a rather stout gentleman turned the leaves "without much technique." Two days after a criticism of the concert appeared in *The Nachrichten* (an important daily), in which the critic, after praising the singer and admitting that he was fine, said, "but to compare him to Shakespeare, (!) as some of the English did, is absurd." The gentleman had evidently overheard some English discussing Ben Davies, and comparing him to Shakespeare, the singer and teacher of London, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that the "Immortal Bard" was meant. Hence the laughable mistake.

This is all the more ludicrous as Mr. Shakespeare was a student at the "Conservatorium" here, and produced a symphony at one of the "Gewandhaus" concerts given in this city.

A friend of mine was, some days after the concert, engaged in a conversation with a German, who rather sneeringly referred to the English absurdity (above referred to). You can imagine the rise my friend got out of him. Thus are the English misunderstood and misrepresented.

Yours faithfully,
H. OSBORN.

LEIPZIG,
March 6, 1894.

The Editor MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—A more outrageous letter I have never seen than that which appears in your March number, signed "Franz Liszt (late of Weimar)." Please allow me to draw your attention to a few points. First, where does your correspondent get his authority for stating that Grieg is a violent anti-Wagnerian? If Grieg, in an article on Schumann (of whom, as his music shows, he is a great lover), defends him from the attack of the Wagnerites, I fail to see that that makes him a violent anti-Wagnerian. Personally, I am no authority on the subject of Grieg's opinions, but I have frequently seen him at the performances of Wagner's operas given in this city. If he is, as your correspondent says, a violent anti-Wagnerian, he at least knows his subject pretty thoroughly, which I should hardly think is the case with your correspondent.

Next, how GOOD of your correspondent to allow that Josef Rubinstein gains his importance through his Great Brother. It will certainly be news to your many readers that he is the brother of Anton Rubin-

stein. Then your correspondent remarks, "I say plainly that the article, in my opinion, was inspired by Wagner." It may be it was, and as your correspondent seems to have read pretty extensively (!), and to be in possession of new and hitherto unknown information, he may be considered an authority, and we ought to be grateful, therefore, for a definitely expressed opinion of such importance. He rightly says this is the 19th century, when each thinks and says what he pleases. But most people, when they say and think what they please through the medium of public print, know something of their subject. Your correspondent doesn't. Then how absurd his remarks about Mr. Grieg and a little Swedish town (excuse me—village)! where there are no other musicians! Grieg is a highly original composer, and if he had written only one work—the Ballade for piano, for instance, that one which Mr. Borwick is so fond of playing—it would be enough to prove it. But there, these Wagner cranks (they are most emphatically not Wagnerians) are like the bomb-throwing anarchists. They would destroy everything but what they think is good, and their theories and opinions are mostly like those of the anarchists, founded on a complete ignorance of everything outside of their own particular desires.

Now I come to the real reason of writing this letter, I protest, strongly, against the misuse of the name of one of the greatest and most broad-minded musicians that ever lived—Franz Liszt. To sign such a paltry, pitiful effusion, as the letter in question, Franz Liszt, is nothing short of disgraceful. It was Liszt who was one of the first to publicly recognise Schumann's genius. Again, it was Liszt (if I am not mistaken) who wrote to Grieg, when the latter was practically unknown, a letter expressing admiration of his music. (If I am wrong on this point, your correspondent can correct me, as my authority is an article that appeared in *The Musical World* I think about six years ago.) Lastly, it was Liszt who put all TRUE Wagner lovers (amongst whom I count myself) under such heavy obligations by a noble and rare generosity to one whom most musicians under the same circumstances would have considered a dangerous rival. That this Liszt, whose literary writings are almost as picturesque as was his playing, should have his name used for such a letter, is absurd! That this same Liszt, who could see the best points in such opposite composers as Donizetti and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Berlioz, should also have his name used to give utterance to such paltry opinions about composers his own writings prove him to have admired, is altogether ridiculous. Lastly, that paragraph commencing, "Only those should write about Wagner, etc." Read it! and then read the whole letter again. What can one say to it? Nothing! To use a vulgarism—*It really takes the cake.*

Yours faithfully,

AN ADMIRER OF THE REAL
LATE FRANZ LISZT,
OF WEIMAR.

P.S.—It is curious that the only musician spoken well of in the letter signed "Franz Liszt" (!), viz., Anton Rubinstein, should happen to be the one of all others who smites Wagner and the Wagnerites hip and thigh whenever he has the opportunity.

The *Pall Mall* musical critic has just come successfully out of a pretty squabble. He said, and rightly, that a recent performance of the *Matthew Passion* by the Bach Choir was a very bad one. Whereupon the Principals of the Royal College and the Royal Academy of Music, the composer of *Job*, the Master of the Queen's Musick, and the husband of Jenny Lind, sent an insulting "protest" to the *Pall Mall*. Whereupon the critic of the *World* joined in the fray, declaring that the performance was a disgraceful one and the "protest" a "hot-headed and ungenerous attempt to ruin a young critic." The *National Observer* followed up this attack with an article accusing the five gentlemen of an attempt to "square" the press in the interests of the conductor of the performance in question, who is a member of their "ring," and at the present moment both he and his friends (probably) wish they had kept their indignation "bottled." By blowing it off recklessly they have shown the public their utter impotence.

Music in Dundee.

THIE musical season for 1893-94 is over. It has been both varied and long, and will be remembered by concert-goers with pleasure. Every grade and shade of musical taste has been supplied with suitable fare. Those curiously constituted quasi-musical amateurs who find a ballad concert the acme of artistic joy, have been provided for very liberally by Messrs. Harrison's Concert Parties, which included many world-wide and respected names. Madame Albani sang at the first concert.

In October, Mons. Paderewski paid us his first visit, and was most enthusiastically received. He was in grand form, and played most beautifully. Also in October, Fanny Moody, Lily Moody, John Child, and Charles Manners gave a most enjoyable concert.

The most important events, however, have been Messrs. Paterson, Sons & Co.'s Orchestral Concerts. The magnificent orchestra of the Scottish Orchestral Company have performed on each visit with fine spirit. Mr. Henschel conducted throughout. The last concert was devoted to the works of Wagner, and went far to enlighten many Dundonians regarding the "music of the future."

The Dundee Choral Union performed, in December, Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, and Haydn's *Creation*. Mr. Fleming's "Chamber" Concerts have also been much appreciated. J. More Smiton's Cantata, *The Jolly Beggars*, was performed in January. The Dundee Amateur Opera Co. have given several concerts of a miscellaneous character, and the Newport Opera Co. have performed the *Sorcerer*.

S. F. H.

Welsh Mems
and Musings.

BY IDRIS MAEWGWYN.

A WELSH CHORAL FESTIVAL AT ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

ON Wednesday evening (February 28, St. David's Eve), the third Welsh Choral Festival was held at St. Paul's Cathedral, when the great building was filled with an immense congregation of about 11,000. The preacher was the Ven. Archdeacon Griffiths.

The general effect of the service throughout was soul-stirring, so to speak, when such a body of worshippers joined in the best known Welsh hymns and tunes; and never is such congregational singing heard at St. Paul's, as when the Welsh are there. The choir, which consisted of about 300 voices, was conducted by Mr. Dyred Lewys, while Mr. D. J. Thomas officiated at the organ. The psalms were sung to Gregorian tunes (which suit the Welsh words far better than even the English), to which the accompaniments were splendidly rendered by Mr. Thomas on the organ.

The anthem "Bendigedig syddo Arglywyd Ddu Israel" (Jno. Thomas), was well rendered.

The processional hymns were sung to the tunes "Chennies," and "Ffignysbren." The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were sung to new settings composed by the organist, Mr. D. J. Thomas; these the choir sang to perfection, and with rare effect. The sixty boys, who had been specially trained by Mr. Thomas, really sang with wonderful effect, and did the music full justice. I sincerely trust that all the Welsh churches will adopt Mr. Thomas's excellent setting of the Canticles.

During the collection, the proceeds of which were devoted to defray the expenses of the festival, and to the Annual Welsh Festival Fund, the hymns "O sryniau Caersalem ceir gweled," and "Maur oedd Iesu'n ufragwyddol," were sung, and the service, which was entirely in Welsh, was concluded with the Benediction. The congregation was in

charge of sixty stewards, superintended by Mr. R. A. Lloyd.

JOTTINGS.

Great preparations are made already in order to celebrate, in a national manner, the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to the National Eisteddfod of Wales, at Carnarvon, in July next.

All Wales are pleased to hear that our fellow-countryman, Mr. Ben Davies, achieved such a distinct success in Germany. The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* says: "Herr Ben Davies is held as the best tenor in England, and we can accord him this praise not only for his fatherland, but we may add that we also in Germany have very few singers who can compare with him in beauty of voice, artistic taste, and expression." A musical critic in Berlin says, "It is many years since a tenor has been heard here like him. The public was nearly beside itself with enthusiasm, and there is no doubt that should he come again to Berlin, he will receive a most hearty welcome."

Music in Bristol.

ON March 2 an attractive concert was given at the Victoria Rooms. The artistes included Mesdames Rosina Isidor, Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Estrela Belinsante. The most interesting performer to the general public was Master Cyril Tyler, the young soprano, who quite captivated the audience by his marvellous powers of execution and clear, bell-like voice. He gave Eva Dell' Acqua's "Oft have I seen the swift swallow," with great brilliancy, and an encore was demanded, and obtained; later on he sang, "Le Carneval de Venise," which was formerly arranged for Mdme. Patti by Sir Julius Benedict. Mr. Newbury, a tenor of great merit, chose his song from Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and sang it with vigour. Mr. Herbert Thorndike, always popular in Bristol, gave pleasure to his hearers by his rendering of Blumenthal's "Across the far blue hills, Marie." Signor Foli received an encore after singing the air, "She alone charmeth my sadness," from the *Reine de Saba*. The instrumentalists were—Signor Bonchini ('cello), and Herr Max Pauer (piano).

The only other concert of note during the past month is that given by the Bristol Gleemen on March 7. Thanks to their able conductor, Mr. Kidner, they have achieved (though but a young society) a wonderful precision and unity of attack, and their lights and shades are well emphasized.

Notes from Leeds.

THE Leeds Subscription Concerts were brought to a brilliant conclusion on February 28, when the only orchestral concert of which Leeds could boast during the present musical season was given. Sir Charles Hallé and his orchestra were the executants, and Schubert's unfinished symphony and the overtures to *Oberon* and *Tannhäuser* were beautifully played. Very little inferior to these was the performance of the Emperor Concerto, in which Miss Magda Eisele sustained the pianoforte part. Other orchestral pieces were Mr. German's Dance from *Henry VIII.*, and Grieg's second *Peer Gynt Suite*, which is scarcely equal to the earlier suite from the same source. Mr. Watkin Mills gave an excellent vocal selection, comprising Wotan's "Abschied" from *Die Walküre*, a solo from *Irene*, and Schubert's *Wanderer*, to which Sir Charles Hallé gracefully played the accompaniment.

The second concert of the Leeds Quartette was given on February 21, when the four usual players, Messrs. Müller, Fawcett, Gutfeld, and Giessing, were joined by Mr. W. Haigh in admirable performances of quintets for strings by Beethoven (Op. 29 in C) and Brahms (Op. 111 in G). The programme included a larghetto by Mozart for violin-

cello, well played by Mr. Giessing. Miss Clara Thornham sang songs by Schubert and Mendelssohn.

The sixth and last of Mr. Haddock's "Musical Evenings" came to an end on March 13. The concert attracted a very large audience, no doubt chiefly to hear a prodigy, Master Cyril Tyler by name, who was heard to greater advantage in "Robin Adair," than in Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song." Miss Ella Russell gave an admirable account of "Caronome" and other solos, including yet another new song—"What somebody did"—by Mr. G. P. Haddock. Mr. Stanley Cookson also added to the vocal part of the programme. The instrumentalists were: Miss Maude Cater, piano; Mr. Haddock, violin; and Mr. Carl Fuchs, 'cello; and Gade's "Novelletten" was the most important item.

Another concert scheme which has drawn to its conclusion for the present season is that of the Leeds Philharmonic Society, whose final concert on the 14th consisted entirely of English music. Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron" is perhaps not so well known as its merits deserve. This can scarcely be said of Sir A. Sullivan's "Kenilworth," which was written in our popular musician's early days, and does not represent his present-day genius. The most interesting feature, however, was a cantata dedicated to Sir A. Sullivan, and written for the Society by Mr. F. K. Hattersley, a native of Leeds. Mr. Hattersley has written very appropriate music to Longfellow's poem, "Robert of Sicily." The work has what may now be called a true English ring about it, occasionally reflecting Dr. Parry to some extent, and marks a very distinct advance on any other of its composer's previous efforts. The performance was not quite in the Society's best style. The chorus did well in the new work, but in the remainder there were not a few straggling entries, and occasional evidences of uncertainty. Miss Medora Henson sang the soprano music excellently. Mr. Black was as artistic as ever as the baritone. Mr. Ivor McKay, although indisposed, sang the tenor music, and small parts were well filled by Mrs. A. Broughton and Mr. T. J. Bellingham. The band would have profited by further rehearsal.

Alderman F. R. Spark's "Railway Orphans' Concert" was given on March 9, when Madame Stone-Barton, Miss Rosa Green, Mr. McKay, and Mr. Mills, as well as Mr. Alfred Hollins, very generously gave their services, and the concert was a very successful one of the ballad type.

Music in Glasgow.

THE Scottish Orchestra, under Mr. Henschel, are fighting hard for appreciation, but it seems long of coming; with the finish of the Choral Union Scheme it would appear as if the musical season had come to an end. There was only a very moderately-sized audience on Monday, February 19, in St. Andrew's Hall, to hear Leonard Borwick play Beethoven's Concerto in G Minor. He may not be a virtuoso, but he can play Beethoven in an intelligent manner—sinking the player and giving the composer's work an interpretation not usually found in players of more renown.

Mr. Arthur Somervell was also present, and conducted his orchestral ballad, "Helen of Kirkconnell"; both conductor and work were much appreciated.

The band under Mr. Henschel gave a very spirited rendering of Sachs' "Ossian" Overture, and Schumann's D minor Symphony. Mr. Borwick also played Liszt's 12th Hungarian Rhapsody, and was recalled.

The next event of importance was a visit from Joachim, Piatti, and Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Louise Phillips, vocalist; it took the form of a chamber concert, and opened with Schumann's Trio in F Major. Dr. Joachim also contributed his great masterpiece, Bach's "Chaconne." Mr. Piatti gave "Kolnideris," Bruch. Miss Fanny Davies' selection of Brahms' "Intermezzo," and Chopin's Scherzo, in B Minor, were artistically played. Miss Louise Phillips was recalled in Schubert's "Huntzman, Rest," and "Hark, the Lark," Gambogi. It

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is needless to say the concert was as near perfection as it will get in this sublunary sphere.

ATHENÆUM.

The students of the Opera class of this college gave a week's performance of Gounod's *Pastoral Opera*, "Mirelle"; the orchestra being composed principally of professors, and the whole conducted by Principal Macbeth. The performance was given in the theatre in connection with the Institution, and the opinion of press and public is such that will justify an early repetition. There was a double cast of the principal parts, and the event served to develop talent that would have done credit to the best of our opera companies. The lady principals carried off the honours, and the chorus (though weak in the tenor and bass sections) was exceptionally good; the orchestra, as already stated, contained the best professional talent, and was also a strong feature in the performance. Altogether, the Directors of the Athenæum are to be congratulated on having a principal in Mr. Macbeth able to produce such splendid results, and which enhance the increasing reputation of this school.

Amalgamation of Glasgow Choral Union and Scottish Orchestra.

After a season's experience of opposition, and the disastrous financial results attending thereto, the above combinations have, through the intervention of a neutral party, been brought together to consider a *via media* whereby they can combine for next season's concerts; the details are not yet public, but from what has come out, Mr. Henschel, having been already engaged by the Scottish Orchestral Company, will be the orchestral conductor, though Mr. August Manns will be invited (during the off-season at the Crystal Palace) to come down and conduct several of the concerts. Mr. Joseph Bradley will conduct the choral concerts.

The session will be one of twenty weeks, and will consist of one classical concert every second week, and popular concerts every Saturday.

It is also proposed that the same combination supply Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, and, if possible, giving concerts in the Midland towns of England, thus breaking the journey between Glasgow and London. When all is *un fait accompli*, it is proposed that a grand performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony be given at the end of this month, the words of the latter being very appropriate, "Joy, thy magic reunites all that custom sternly parts."

Music in South-West London.

THE Clapham Popular Orchestral Society held a concert on Wednesday, Feb. 21, instead of their usual weekly practice, at the Clapham Assembly Rooms. Surprising progress has been made numerically and in calibre by this body, and there is a complete orchestra of nearly 60, which gave a very admirable performance of Haydn's No. 1 Symphony, and other items, reflecting great credit on the conductor, Mr. S. Dodwell. Mr. Furness Peters, L.R.A.M., the leader, earned his success by a charming rendering of Léonard's Violin Fantasia, "Souvenir de Haydn," and alike in that and in the encore insisted upon he displayed most remarkable technique. Songs by Mrs. E. Barrett and Mr. J. E. O'Shaughnessy, and a performance of Mozart's No. 13 String Quartett, all well merited the critical appreciation bestowed by the large audience. Mr. Oliver Riley's pianoforte accompaniments gave general satisfaction.

On Tuesday, March 6, the sacred cantata *Ruth* was rendered by a choir of 150 performers, under the able conductorship of Mr. S. Cresswell, at the Town Hall. The principle portions of the work were allotted to Mrs. Touzeau (Ruth), Mrs. Davis (Naomi), Miss Gertrude Harding (Orpah), Mr. Dewi Greville (Kinsman), and Mr. J. W. Sanderson (Boaz), who did full justice to them, and were loudly applauded. Of the choruses, "The Reaper's

Song" and "Pluck off the Shoe" deserve special mention, as being specially well rendered by the choir. Miss Cripps presided at the piano, and Mr. F. W. Cresswell at the organ. Part II. was a miscellaneous programme, including among other items several songs by the soloists, and a quartette, "Sleep gentle Lady," well rendered by Messrs. Smith, Bond, Randell, and Barnes. The children taking part in the cantata contributed a round, "Hark the Bonny All Saints' Bells," which was well appreciated by the audience, as were also two choruses, "To Thee, Great Lord," and "The Village Chorister."

Messrs. Blagrove's last Quartett Concert of the present series was held on the 12th March, at Clapham Hall and was well attended.

The quartett—Mendelssohn, Op. 44, No. 3—went well, especially the Scherzo, Miss Ida Betts was the piano soloist and gave Raff's "La Fileuse," and Chopin "Study in A minor," but she placed too much reliance upon the pedals for her effects, and her touch lacked sympathy. So far as accuracy and dexterity were concerned no fault could be found. As "Mr. Branscombe could not sing," Miss Maria Hooton gave Barnby's "When the tide comes in," and Stephen Adams' "The Valley by the Sea." She has a pleasingly rich voice, phrases very intelligently, and was altogether very charming. A reverie, composed and performed by Mr. Stanley Blagrove, includes a Cadenza reminiscent of part of Mendelssohn's Andante from the Violin Concerto, rather lacks cohesion, and was delivered with an absence of nuances that rendered it rather monotonous, but the performer's round and pure tone redeemed matters. The tone, however, of Mr. Arthur Blagrove in Dunkler's "Danse Wollandaise"—a work which often descends to the commonplace—was exceptionally rough in the forte and chord passages, but his clever execution and leggiero bowing earned the recall he obtained. The final item was Dvorak's Piano Quintett. The viola is allotted a mournful motive in the Andante, and the composer's judgment is justified in the result which is equal to volumes of praise of the claims and capabilities of this neglected instrument. Especially is this the case when in the hands of an artiste of Mr. Richard Blagrove's calibre, but it is to be regretted that his florid passages were much overpowered by the other instrumentalists. In this as well as in the quartett the cellist's tone also marred perfect balance, and the leader's intonation was faulty.

At a "St. Patrick" Ballad Concert, under the auspices of Mr. Wm. Little, and given at Clapham Reform Club, the general excellence was so well maintained that comparisons would be almost inviolable. It may, however, be stated that Miss Teresa Blamy (A.L.A.M.) and Mr. Michael Sullivan were accorded exceptional welcomes, and Mr. Jerome Murphy and Mr. Rechab Tandy were fervently patriotic. Miss Blanche van Hedeghem, Miss Marie Hooton and Edward Branscombe were also very excellent and successful, the latter being perhaps a little monotonous. Mr. Furness Peters (L.R.A.M.) added welcome variety by two beautifully rendered violin solos:—Hauser's "Rhapsodic Irlandaise" and Haakman's Irish Fantasia, while Mr. F. J. Grist was the accompanist.

Southport Notes.

THE Musical attractions of this fashionable watering-place are numerous and well-sustained. The Winter Gardens daily provide an orchestral concert, with a popular "Smoke" on Saturday evenings. Mr. A. E. Bartle (solo pianoforte), Miss Minnie Robotham and Miss Mabel Seymour (vocalists), have assisted in the afternoon concerts during the past month.

The magnificent Opera House attached to the Winter Gardens has had a continuous run of good companies, including H. H. Morrell's "Forty Thieves," and Mr. Milton Bode's "Sinbad the Sailor" pantomimes. Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearean Company, "Mrs. Othello," and Miss Isabel Bateman's Company. A series of variety entertainments has just started at the Pavilion.

On February 13th Madame Georgina Burns and

Mr. Leslie Crotty gave a concert, assisted by other artists to a large and appreciative audience. The first part of the programme was miscellaneous, the second consisting of the "Prison Scene" from "Maritana."

Mr. Fred Dawson gave a recital on February 17th playing in faultless style selections from Chopin, Moskowski, Liszt, and Beethoven.

At Mrs. Royal Dawson's Concert on the 19th Madame Alice Gomez and Mr. Philip Newbury were the most prominent performers.

"Farewell visits" (alas! poor Patey!) are very popular at present; Madame Marie Roze paying one on February 24th. C. H. S.

Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

- 2,515. Joseph Herrburger, 4, South Street, Finsbury, London. Improvements in grand-pianoforte actions. February 5th, 1894.
 - 2,559. Henry Moon, 6, Livery Street, Birmingham. Improvements in, or additions to, the valve seatings of organs and other like wind musical instruments. February 6th, 1894.
 - 2,854. Henry Girdwood Armstrong, 154, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. Improvements in and connected with stools used in playing pianos or other instruments. February 9th, 1894.
 - 2,899. William Benjamin Barker, 14, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in holding-devices for reeds for producing sound. February 9th, 1894.
 - 2,975. Lajos Schueller, 433, Strand, London. An improved musical string or keyboard instrument. February 10th, 1894.
 - 3,115. Samuel Jenkinson, 9, Warwick Court, Gray's Inn, London. Improvements in or relating to octave couplers for organs and harmoniums and pianofortes. February 13th, 1894.
 - 3,116. James Mecklejohn, 54, Fleet Street, London. Improved rest for music books and the like. February 12th, 1894.
 - 3,670. George Morse Guild, 45, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in upright-piano actions. February 20th, 1894.
 - 3,751. Robert Hope-Jones, 6, Lord Street, Liverpool. Improvements in or relating to organs. February 21st, 1894.
 - 4,005. Kraft Behrens, 433, Strand, London. Dynamometer for mechanical musical instruments. February 24th, 1894.
 - 4,237. John Mutch, 72, Leadenhall Street, London. Improvements in or connected with musical instruments, specially applicable to violin pianos. February 28th, 1894.
 - 4,271. Walter White Heron, 4, South Street, Finsbury, London. Improvements in and applicable to pedals, for pianofortes and other musical instruments. February 28th, 1894.
- SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.
- 5,713. Rosoman. Attaching music and reading desks to their stands, 1893. 10d.
 - 20,394. Erbe. Pianino and harmonium, 1893. 10d.
 - 24,462. Douglas. Music leaf turners, 1893. 10d.
 - 4,848. Prowse. Pianofortes, 1893. 10d.

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The Academies.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

ON March 7, the students of the R.C.M. gave an interesting concert at the Imperial Institute. They played, amongst other things, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Dr. Mackenzie's rather dry Scotch Rhapsody, and an orchestral suite by Bizet.

On Monday, March 12, the operatic class sang Weber's one act opera, *Abu Hassan*, and made quite a success. Mr. Alfred W. Clark showed himself a budding actor as well as a singer as Omar; Miss S. Bedford was more than satisfactory as Fatima; and the same may be said of Mr. N. M. Jones, who sang the "title rôle."

Some of the students recently gave a Chamber Music Concert at Alexandra House, playing, amongst other items, Schumann's quartette in A minor, and Brahms' sextet in B flat.

No less than 419 persons were candidates for the 14 free scholarships which were lately competed for. Only 137 came to London for examination, the rest having been winnowed away at the local examinations. Of the 137, 6 were for composition, 44 for singing, 36 for piano, 8 for organ, 32 for violin, 5 for 'cello, and 6 for various wind instruments. The happy successful ones were:—Piano, Beatrice Cerasoli and S. P. Swan; singing, Louisa K. Lunn, Agnes Nicholls, and Leon Zagury; organ, Tom Haigh; violin, W. J. Read and C. B. Squire; 'cello, R. P. Jones; oboe, A. C. Horton; bassoon, E. J. Cox; trumpet, R. C. S. de Courcy; and composition, Percy Harmon and W. M. Y. Hurlstone. It is satisfactory to note that some wind players were candidates and successful.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

On March 3, the usual fortnightly concert was given by the students, piano solos being played by Mr. George H. Fryer and Mr. Percy Keeble; while duets were given by Miss Evangeline Lucas and Miss Annie G. Bennett, Miss Geraldine Stuart and Miss Spicer. The vocalists were Miss M. V. E. Perrott, A. St. Clair Stott, Miss Adelina Boustead, Miss Lilian Coomber, Miss Magdalene Lockie, Mr. T. Amos Jones, Miss Gertrude Hughes, and Mr. Garner Parrot. Mr. Michael Donnawell played Godard's suite for flute, and Miss Anna Stern was the violinist.

The competition for the Goldberg Prize (baritones and basses) took place at the Royal Academy of Music on March 12. The examiners were Messrs. Bantock Pierpoint, John Bridson and W. H. Brereton (chairman). The prize was awarded to T. Meurig James.

Was not *The Overture* (more or less) the organ of the R.A.M.? Whether or not, it has, I am sorry to relate, deceased, not unexpectedly. Although the conductors were under the impression that it was written by musicians for musicians, the internal evidence showed that it was written by pedants for pedants—and fatuous ones as that. The overture is, properly speaking, the beginning of a piece; in this case I am not sorry to record the end.

Since our last issue the R.A.M. students have given two concerts in St. James's Hall. The report of the second is not yet to hand, but at the first a number of students created favourable impressions by their playing. I may also note a Mr. Ranalow, who seems on the road to becoming a distinguished singer.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Trinity College, I believe, professes to be rather an examining than a teaching institution. It is only fair to say that the last concert in Princes' Hall supported this view. Presently the examiners will be away on tour again. They examine in piano, violin, organ, and harmonium (!) playing, in singing, and in the playing of all orchestral instruments. The last day of entry is twenty-eight days before the Monday of the week in which the examination is held, and lists are now published showing at what time the examiners will be in the principal towns of England.

A contemporary publishes the following:—

"A correspondent asks whether the statement in the last issue of the *Musical Herald* to the effect that the London College of Music (Limited), Trinity College, and the Tonic Sol-fa College are all on an equality, is true. Certainly not; the first-named is simply an ordinary joint stock company, trading for profit, the others are educational institutions of recognised position. In the case of Trinity College, it is expressly provided in its articles that no profit shall be divided; probably the Tonic Sol-fa College follows on similar lines, but we have no certain information on this head."

Now the truth is that there is no difference between these institutions. I am assured by the secretary of the London College that no profits are divided. The London College is on exactly the same footing as the College of Organists.

The next concert of Trinity College will take place in Princes' Hall on Monday, April 2, Mr. F. Corder conducting.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A matinée of the students was held in St. George's Hall on Monday, March 12.

A late pupil of Miss A. Bernard, Mr. Horace Turner, has recently played with immense success at a concert of the students of the Leipzig Conservatoire.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Hambourg, father of the prodigy, gives lessons in "the art of teaching the piano" at this institution. Country teachers—and many London teachers—might do worse than make a note of this.

LONDON COLLEGE.

I have just received some reports of recent doings of this institution, but as there is not space for them here they must be held over until next issue. It need hardly be said that they are eminently satisfactory.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

Those who are interested in the dry side of music may with advantage attend a course of three lectures to be given by Dr. Pole at the College of Organists on April 4, 11, and 18. Owing to Dr. Pole's efforts the Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. degrees at London University have been all but unattainable for years, and the heroic persons who attend his lectures may be able to say why. To him music is a matter of intervals and vibrations, and he expects candidates to have almost a specialist's knowledge of these. Which is much the same as if every one who wanted to be "hung" at the Academy must not only be able to paint, but also "to analyse the colours into their chemical constituents!"

The pieces to be played for the F.R.C.O. (alas, that R!) examination in July are Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor (Peters, vol. ii. No. 3), Organ Sonata, No. 6 (Mendelssohn), and a composition by a Mr. Basil Harwood, entitled "Dithyramb."

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Magazine of Music Supplement, April 1894.

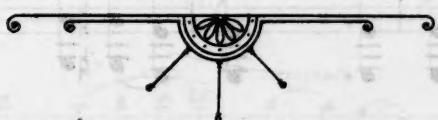
Drei Tänze
(Nº 1)
für

Violine mit Piano

im irischen Volkston
von

Elisabeth M. Reynolds

OP. 5 Nº 1.



London.
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

DREI TÄNZE

für VIOLINE mit PIANO

IM IRISCHEN VOLKSTON.

Nº 1.

ELISABETH M. REYNOLD
Op. 5. No. 1.Allegro. $\text{♩} = 132$.

VIOLINE.

PIANO.

Andante con espressione. $\text{♩} = 96.$

YNOLI

cresc.

dim. *mf*

p legato

cresc. *stringendo*

Tempo primo.



Andante.



Presto.



Magazine of Music Supplement, April 1894.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG

by
Elisabeth M. Reynolds.

Come again sweet Love.

Madrigal for 4 Voices
by JOHN DOWLAND.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS

by
F. Mendelssohn.

Bourrée by J.S. Bach.

SLOW MOVEMENT

by
G.F. HANDEL.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

Dedicated to MADAME ALBANI.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

CONTRALTO or BARITONO.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.Music by
ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS, Op. 4. No. 1.

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 144.$

VOICE. 

saw the moon rise clear, O'er hills and vales of

snow. Nor told my fleet rein - deer The

track I wished to go. Yet quick he bound - ed

forth, For well my rein - deer knew. I have but one path on earth. The

path that leads to you.

The gloom — that win - ter cast. How soon the heart for-gets

When sum-mer brings at last Her sun that ne - ver sets. So dawnd my

cresc.

love for you, So fixed through joy and pain, Than sum-mer sun more true

Twill ne - ver set a - gain, Twill ne - ver set a - gain.

cresc.

COME AGAIN, SWEET LOVE.

MADRIGAL for 4 VOICES.

JOHN DOWLAND

M. M. $\text{d} = 88$.

1st TREBLE.

2nd TREBLE.

TENOR.
(S^{tr}e lower.)

BASS.

ACCOMP.
(ad lib.)

1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces, that re - train To do me due de - light
1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces, that re - train To do me due de - light
1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces, that re - train To do me due de - light
1. Come a - gain! sweet love doth now in - vite Thy gra - ces, that re - train To do me due de - light

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, with thee a - gain insweetest sym - pa - thy
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee a - gain dim. insweet - est sym - pa - thy
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee a - gain, with thee a - gain in sweet-est sym - pa - thy
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, to die with thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - pa - thy

a tempo

2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now, left and for - lon,
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now, left and for - lon,
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now, left and for - lon,
2. Come a - gain! that I may cease to mourn Through thy un - kind dis - dain; For now, left and for - lon,

sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, in deadly pain, and end-less mi - se - ry
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in deadly pain, and end - less mi - se - ry
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in dead - ly pain, in dead - ly pain, and end - less mi - se - ry
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die, I die in dead - ly pain, and end - less mi - se - ry

3. All the day, the sun, that lends me shine, By frowns does cause me pine, And feeds me with de - cay,
 4. All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams, My eyes are full of streams, My heart takes no de - light,

3. All the day, the sun, that lends me shine, By frowns does cause me pine, And feeds me with de - cay,
 4. All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams, My eyes are full of streams, My heart takes no de - light,

3. All the day, the sun, that lends me shine, By frowns does cause me pine, And feeds me with de - cay,
 4. All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams, My eyes are full of streams, My heart takes no de - light,

3. All the day, the sun, that lends me shine, By frowns does cause me pine, And feeds me with de - cay,
 4. All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams, My eyes are full of streams, My heart takes no de - light,

rall.

a tempo *p* *mf* *f* *ff dim.* *dim.* *strict time*

Hersmiles, my springs, thatmake my joys to grow, Her frowns, her frowns the win - ters of my woe.
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find, And mark the storms, the storms that are as - sign'd.

Her smiles, my springs, thatmake my joys to grow, to grow, Her frowns, the win - ters, win - ters of my woe.
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find, and mark the storms, and mark the storms that are as-sign'd.

Her smiles, my springs, thatmake my joys to grow, Her frowns the win -ters,winters of my woe.
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find, and mark the storms that are as-sign'd.

Her smiles, my springs, thatmake my joys to grow, my joys to grow, Her frowns the win -ters of my woe.
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find, that some do find, And mark, strict time

mf *rall.*

5. Out a - last, my faith is e - ver true, Yet will she ne - ver rue, Nor yield me a - ny grace,
 6. Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart, Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do ap - prove

5. Out a - last, my faith is e - ver true, Yet will she ne - ver rue, Nor yield me a - ny grace,
 6. Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart, Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do ap - prove

5. Out a - last, my faith is e - ver true, Yet will she ne - ver rue, Nor yield me a - ny grace,
 6. Gen - tle love, draw forth thy wound - ing dart, Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I that do ap - prove

mf *rall.*

a tempo *p* *mf* *f* *ff dim.* *dim.* *strict time*

Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, Whom tears nor truth, nor truth may once in - vade.
 By sighs and tears, more hot than are thy shafts, Do tempt; while she for tri - umphs laughs.

Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, Whom tears nor truth, whom tears nor truth may once in - vade.
 By sighs and tears, more hot than are thy shafts, Do tempt; while she for tri - umphs laughs.

Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made, Whom tears nor truth, whom tears nor truth may one in - vade.
 By sighs and tears, more hot than are thy shafts, Do tempt, do tempt; while tears nor truth may once in - vade.

strict time

LIED OHNE WORTE.

F. MENDELSSOHN, Op. 19. No. 1.

Andante con moto.

cantabile

dim.

cresc.

dim.

dim.

dim.



LIED OHNE WORTE.

F. MENDELSSOHN, Op. 19. No. 1

Andante con moto.

cantabile

dim.

cresc.

ff

dim.

dim.



BOURRÉE.

Overture No. 4.

J. S. BACH.

Allegro.

mf

cresc.

dim.

SLOW MOVEMENT

from 11th Concerto.

HANDEL.

p

cresc.

f

